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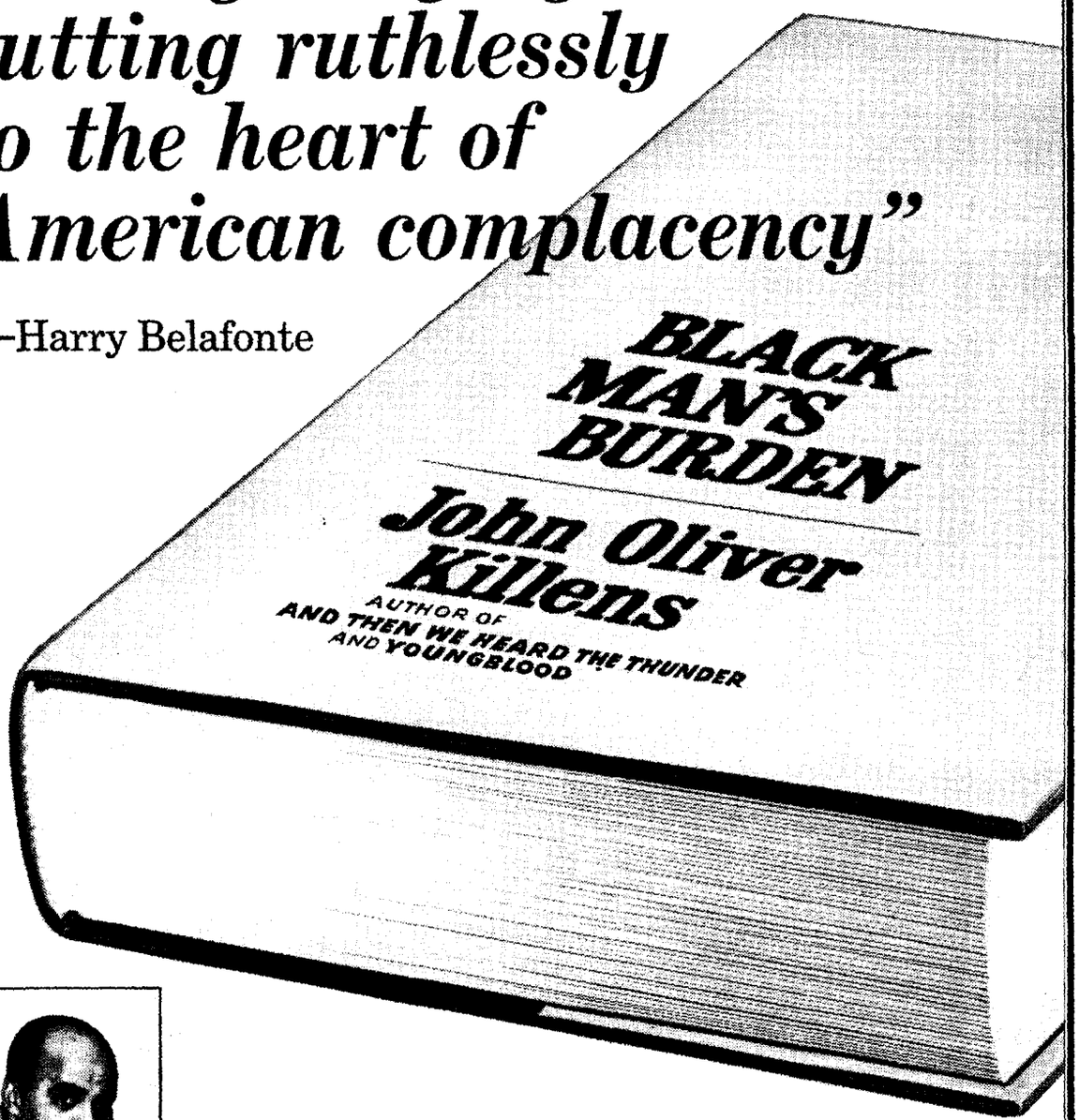

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Snobs About Johnson

★ The snobbery of some intellectuals toward Lyndon Johnson has reached a point where one Washington reporter has consciously to compensate for it in trying to make fair appraisals. It's true he's from Texas. It's true he didn't go to Harvard. He's secretive, he's sensitive, he's petty. He's his own worst enemy in a lot of ways; Truman was too. But the liberal animosity often heard nowadays toward Johnson makes one wonder how effective these people are politically or what they know of Washington.

It might be good just to review the record a bit. Johnson saved the country from Goldwater. When the new Congress assembled he didn't rest on his oars, he got the biggest package of social welfare legislation in history. He didn't merely talk about civil rights. He made a moving, eloquent speech about it to a joint session of Congress, and put the nation on a new path. It wasn't easy for a man from the Pedernales, who couldn't have got nominated in his own right, to follow a martyred Prince from Camelot (and we rejoiced in Kennedy, too, as much as anybody). But he did it, and moved ahead, and characteristically cashed in on the Kennedy sentiment, too.

Take this latest State of the Union speech. Johnson comes out for more trade with Soviet Russia. That's hardly the mark of timidity. Birth control is a dangerous subject, most politicians duck it, remember how Ike rejected aid abroad? Mr. Johnson pledged himself twice in his address to help nations "trying to control population growth." (He was the first President, too, to face boldly the problem of the breakdown of the husbandless Negro families in city ghettoes.)

All right, then, Vietnam. The President inherited this problem from three other Presidents and has, we believe, made it worse. The theory was that bombing would bring Hanoi to its knees and Mr. Johnson bought it, the way Kennedy bought the Bay of Pigs invasion. Wrong? We think so.

But for the moment, at least, bombing has been suspended. (It may be resumed, for all we know, by the time you read this.) The President suspended it. And simultaneously he unleashed the dad-bumdest, star-spanglest, Texas-style peace offensive the world ever heard of. Ridiculous? Uncouth? Where's that lorgnette? Lyndon Johnson, we believe, is sincerely trying to extricate the country. He's a politician and he's trying to do it under terms that are politically viable. Maybe he can do it.

Vietnam Chill

★ We feel though (this is our second point) that the climate on Vietnam has suddenly altered. This feeling is almost wholly intuitive. The Mansfield report was one of the most chilling documents we ever read. Gen. James M. Gavin reenforced it in *Harper's*. Then again, a typical liberal Senator like Nelson (D, Wis.), told reporter John Kole, *Milwaukee Journal*, January 16, that the domino theory is "fraudulent," and that any escalation would be a "tragic mistake." Again, when the *NYTimes* ran a story of imminent resumption of bombing the White House denied it.

But these are just straws. What we have is a hunch. It is a matter of atmospherics. We feel increasingly all about Washington that this war is gloomily unpopular; that even the Republicans don't want to get stuck with it; and that the supersensitive political antenna of Lyndon Johnson is pouring the message in to him all the time. This doesn't mean that we won't send more troops there. Or bomb. But we suspect that the wish will grow for the US to hold the perimeter ports in a stalemate, while this uncouth, unlovable Johnson – who gets things done like Medicare, school aid and civil rights – may risk his political neck trying to wriggle a face-saving agreement out of the mess.

We dropped into the Supreme Court's marble palace last week to savor the two-day argument on the civil rights act. This, and the Lincoln Memorial, are the two places in Washington that genuinely awe us. The ceiling rises 30 feet and dwarfs men to the glory of Justice. Twenty-six states participated in the case. Here was a glib, eager, gesticulating young representative of South Carolina arguing against the law – the last stand of 300 years of oppression. The judges seemed curious in a kind of benign, scientific way. California has learned, he told them, that when a Southern Negro goes there he "still doesn't register or vote." "The point is," replied Mr. Justice Stewart blandly, "he is rather out of the habit."

Five of the judges have black leather rockers, like Jack Kennedy's; four sit in straight chairs with tucks in the stuffing. On the second day, Attorney General Katzenbach, in cutaway, handkerchief in pocket, gave the government's defense, his large bald head deferential but earnest. The Court was wonderfully relaxed in its dignity . . . questions from all sides . . . a colloquy rather than a speech . . . Douglas slowly rocked. They addressed Katzenbach as "Mr. Attorney General"; he addressed them as "Mr. Justice"; they addressed each other as "Brother Douglas," "Brother Fortas." At one point Katzenbach let slip that something was "darn near impossible." I thought for a moment that one of the marble columns shook a little.

★ *Notes:* The august *NYTimes* is trying so hard these days to be a local paper that it forgot to print the text of the Mansfield report. . . . Spencer-Roberts is the Los Angeles political relations firm handling the fabricated candidacy of film star Ronald Reagan for governor; Whitaker & Baxter is the San Francisco firm handling Senator Dirksen's drive to undercut reapportionment. . . . W & B has set up a "national" committee to save the nation from "one-man, one-vote"; always the friend of the people, W & B earlier engineered AMA's successful drive against the Truman health program as "socialized medicine." . . . Both California firms are profitable exponents of the new political techniques of mass-think. . . . Latest Census Bureau samplings show the gap between white and Negro family earnings grew between 1960-64.

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War with China?

However the war in Vietnam ends, this country plainly isn't getting ready to pull out of the Far East, but intends spending billions more dollars on air bases and ports, in Vietnam itself, in Thailand, on Formosa and Okinawa, and in the Philippines. The idea of course is to "contain" China. General James M. Gavin, former Chief of Research and Development for the Army, is the first major American military figure to offer basic criticism of the Administration's Vietnam policy, in a communication published in *Harper's* magazine. He is critical because he thinks what we have been doing in Vietnam is likely to land us in a war with China, and Vietnam is the wrong place to fight such a war. But General Gavin, after proposing a Vietnam solution be sought "through the United Nations or a conference in Geneva," has this to say: "If the Chinese Communists continue on their present course of aggression and, at the same time, continue to develop more devastating weapons – and I refer to nuclear weapons – the time may come when China will bring upon herself a nuclear war." A Chinese watching the busy buildup of American bases close to China might be excused for wondering who is on an aggression course, his country or ours. True, the Chinese exploded an atom bomb in October, 1964 and another last May. But the first was accompanied by a declaration that "China will never at any time and under any circumstances be the first to use nuclear weapons." Who would be prepared to believe such a Chinese pledge? Apparently a majority of US Senators would, including at least six Republicans; they proposed last week that China henceforth be included in all disarmament talks wherever held, with the specific aim of trying to limit the spread of nuclear weapons. This suggests some belief in China's word. Militarily, the two strongest nations in Asia are the nuclear superpowers, the US and Russia. They have the most ships, submarines, missiles, rockets, bombs and warplanes. China is far, far behind. She has the biggest army in Asia (2,250,000) but has only four armored divisions, is gravely short of artillery and transport, can't airlift more than a few battalions, and doesn't have nearly enough jet fuel even to train pilots (who have to fly obsolescent aircraft anyway). The Chinese navy consists largely of torpedo boats. China, at enormous cost to herself, has purchased an admission ticket to the exclusive and ultra-expensive nuclear club. But it will be years before she has the means to deliver a nuclear warhead on even a nearby target, and both India and Japan can have such delivery capacity long before her. If China

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did, meantime, brandish a nuclear weapon at a neighbor, for instance Formosa just off her coast, she would risk at the very least destruction of her atomic installation in Sinkiang which can easily be reached from an American base in Thailand. The sensible inference is that there is little serious risk of a vast Chinese army striking south to conquer all Southeast Asia, the way a Japanese army did 25 years ago. Entry of some hundreds of thousands of Chinese "volunteers" into Vietnam if the scale of the fighting there goes up some more notches is, however, another matter; and so is Communist "subversion" in Thailand and other Asian countries. The Chinese are militant Communists, they will do their best to spread their Marxist gospel of violence to their neighbors. But the way to fight *that* sort of fire is by social, political and economic reform, through wise or at any rate not unbearably corrupt local government, and with US aid to such governments where requested and required, in reasonably adequate doses but considerably short of this country taking on other countries' wars or revolutions. None of this entails or even much risks the US fighting China. If, as almost everyone now seems to agree, we got badly off the track in Vietnam, that is all the more reason for refusing to stray from it in our dealings with other Asian countries. Many things are wrong about our relations, or lack of them, with China. They will take much time to correct. But surely the Senators are right that a beginning should be made with the arms problem. China's atom bombs aren't very important now, but they will be in five or ten years: why not start defusing them by getting a rational dialogue going with Peking? One way to begin being rational is to stop talking about China's "present course of aggression." We're the ones who're building all those bases.

Weaver's HUD

The public acclaim and quick unanimous Senate confirmation given President Johnson's appointment of Dr. Robert C. Weaver, the first Negro to serve in the Cabinet, were further signs that the country has come a long way in adjusting to the civil rights revolution of the 1960's. But satisfaction is clouded by disturbing questions about the new Department of Housing and Urban Development Secretary Weaver now heads.

The non-Cabinet predecessor of HUD (it has already acquired this bureaucratic acronym) was the Housing and Home Finance Agency, headed by Dr. Weaver since 1961. For most of its 18-year existence the HHFA lived quietly, without visible anxiety about its reputation as the least imaginative and most bureaucratic of Washington's so-called independent offices, and Dr. Weaver did little to change that. The nonvisibility of the HHFA was so complete that virtually no questions were raised about it when an acquiescent Congress passed the HUD Act last August. Doubts did not surface until Mr. Johnson pointedly refrained from nominating a Secretary last September, when he signed the HUD bill into law. They were underlined again when the statutory deadline for the HHFA to "lapse" and *to become*, overnight, the new department, also went by on November 8 without a Presidential appointment. The President finally selected Dr. Weaver, four months late, and presumably after receiving some assurance from his special urban task force that the HUD – by Weaver, out of HHFA – could be remade into the major instrument of the Great Society that it must be to avoid a collapse of Mr. Johnson's programs for the cities.

The HHFA was never more than a "roof," a housekeeping convenience for its autonomous constituent units – the Federal Housing Administration, the Public Housing Administration, the Urban Renewal Administration, the Community Facilities Administration, and the Federal National Mortgage Association. The FHA, often accused of closer alliances with the home-building and mortgage-banking industries than with the urban communities it was supposed to serve, gave not even nominal planning to the massive suburban building boom it induced in the late 1940's and 1950's. Moreover, until President Kennedy forced it to change its ways in 1962, the FHA was rightly regarded by civil rights leaders as *the* prime and official perpetuator of residential segregation. It is still suspect.

The Urban Renewal and Public Housing Program also came under justified attack for promoting "Negro removal" in the cities, often replacing slums with middle- and high-income apartment houses or with institutionalized, ghettoized high-rise public housing "cages" in which to "relocate" – and hide – the poor. Without planning – but with segregation – the HHFA's constituent agencies were decisive in spawning the city ghettoes and the rings of white suburbia that grew into a stranglehold around almost all American cities during the 1950's. This is the very condition the new Department is now commissioned to repair.

Recently the HHFA had been blamed, further, for failing to steer through Congress the first, timid approach to the new concept of rent supplementation, the first major new housing idea in a decade. The rent supplement program, which would have provided federal subsidies to impoverished families to enable them to rent improved, noninstitutional housing, outside the slum ghettoes (in the suburbs!), was decimated in a conference committee that cut the heart out of it, less by allowing a token appropriation of $360,000 instead of the $12 million required, than by declaring that when more funds are sought this year, such assistance should *not* go to communities without comprehensive development plans.

Suburban redistribution of the city poor was to have

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been the main thrust of the rent supplement program. Since many suburban jurisdictions do not have the long-range development plan now required by the Appropriations Committee, the opportunity now exists for them to avoid having the poor by continuing to avoid planning – a double disaster that one distraught urbanist has called "a classic ending for the HHFA." Dr. Weaver and his HUD cohort will have to spend their first energies straightening out *their* new house before they can begin to save the cities.

Two-Armed Sargent

Some of the program's growing pains should be cured faster now that Sargent Shriver is at last able to give his undivided attention to the war on poverty. It's Shriver's job as director of the Office of Economic Opportunity to operate and coordinate all the poverty projects. This is a fulltime task for a superman and, even if Shriver is one, as long as he had to continue running the Peace Corps as well he was a superman with only one arm free.

The OEO record last year was spotty. More than half-a-million children now in first grade got a head start in Head Start. But the $54.5-million Job Corps project graduated only 500 youngsters trained for jobs; and 17,000 youths were enrolled compared with 290,000 applications. Difficulties last year included the fight by some communities against Job Corps camps which, they complained, would bring them in contact with kids from slums. This year, Adam Clayton Powell, chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, is going to demand that the poverty war concentrate more on both job training and creating jobs for the trainees: of last year's 500 Job Corps graduates, only 165 were placed in civilian jobs.

The biggest poverty uproar probably will continue to be generated by the famous phrase, "maximum feasible participation" of the poor, in the Economic Opportunity Act. Some reformers interpreted this as sanction for systematic onslaughts by the poor of the cities on all the evils of "city hall," and scared powerful mayors and other machine politicians while tinging some sincere welfare officials' goodwill with doubts about the efficacy of such onslaughts. Authority over most grant applications for local antipoverty projects ("community action") was transferred from OEO in Washington to regional directors who might be influenced by local politics. Some thought "maximum feasible participation" had gone out the window. Shriver stood by "maximum participation" but asked "time for education and understanding, time for negotiation, time for experimentation. . . . The Office of Economic Opportunity . . . will continue . . . to fund programs where at the start there may be little participation by the poor, so long as there is a convincing showing of local intent to live up to the letter and spirit of the law." This of course isn't the same as promising to fund programs with what some think is too much participation by the poor.

Medicare Bottleneck

The first two provisions of the Medicare program (hospital insurance for everybody over 65 and optional doctor-bill insurance) become effective next July 1. Just how many of the 18,884,000 or so eligible Americans will take advantage of the program, and just what effect any increase in patients will have on already overcrowded and understaffed hospitals, are not clear. The Social Security Administration, which is in charge of the program, believes that there won't be a shortage of beds in most communities. Currently, according to a social security spokesman, only about 75 to 80 percent of all hospital beds in this country are occupied on any given day, 25 percent of these by old people. An increase of as much as 20 percent in the number of people 65 and over admitted to hospitals would increase hospital utilization by only about five percent – a manageable increase.

This would seem to suggest that the program will not put an undue strain on existing facilities and staff. And it would justify Congress' failure to provide the Medicare program with adequate funds for more hospital beds and facilities for training additional doctors and nurses.

But the figures are misleading. For urban and suburban hospitals in most areas are already so crowded that they have waiting lists for all but emergency admissions. Furthermore, hospital staffing is often based on only 80 or 85 percent occupancy, so even before all beds are filled there can be an excessive strain on personnel (the shortage of nurses nationally has been estimated at 100,000). And the elderly tend to be concentrated in metropolitan areas, where the problem is most

COMING: *Andrew Kopkind on the Peace Corps – where it will go under Jack Vaughn*

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acute. Rural hospitals, long favored by federal hospital construction programs, are in many places "overbuilt," maintain no waiting lists and have plenty of empty beds. Utilization figures for such hospitals bring down the national rate and obscure the problem of urban and especially suburban overcrowding. A survey of Chicago-area hospitals by NBC News found that even where hospitals have stretched their space by making private rooms into doubles and converting sun parlors into rooms, they have still, in some instances, had to put beds in hospital corridors. If they have to do that already, then the anticipated influx of elderly patients next July causes shudders.

Some supporters of Medicare have been reluctant to predict a substantial increase in hospital admissions. They say that Medicare will not mean more patients but is just a new way of financing the care that people are already receiving. (While opponents have predicted ominously that hospitals will be glutted with elderly malingerers and hypochondriacs.) Actually there is a rather large segment of the population, neither poor enough to qualify for public assistance nor rich enough to carry health insurance or to foot the bill for a protracted illness, who will be entering hospitals under Medicare. William Bucher, executive director of the Hospital Council of the National Capital Area, an association of 25 hospitals in Washington, D. C., is worried about meeting the expected increase in admissions. "Medicare has created an additional manpower need," he said, "which the health industry has not even tokenly been able to provide."

Power Politics in New England

Burlington, Vermont

New England politicians of both parties seem to like the idea of keeping private electric power corporations happy at the expense of consumers. But in Vermont there's a difference. Democratic Governor Philip H. Hoff hopes to reduce the cost of electric power to consumers by as much as 25 percent, saving them millions of dollars annually. He would do this by importing two million kilowatts of low-cost electric power from Canada, carrying it through Vermont to the other New England states over a new, yet-to-be-built high-voltage transmission system.

The plan has the backing of George D. Aiken of Vermont, the senior Republican in the US Senate and a long-time advocate of public power, and since Vermont's Sen. Winston L. Prouty and Rep. Robert T. Stafford, both Republicans, generally follow Senator Aiken's lead in power matters, they too are expected to go along.

Vermont is entitled to take the lead in the search for low-cost power. New England residents pay the highest electric power rates in the nation. But power costs in Vermont have been reduced steadily and are now at about the national average, chiefly because the state has been able to purchase 150,000 kilowatts of public power from the huge St. Lawrence and Niagara Falls power projects operated by the Power Authority of the State of New York (PASNY). Senator Aiken was one of the major congressional supporters of the St. Lawrence project.

About a year ago Hoff began serious talks with Canadian government officials and representatives of the provincial Quebec Hydroelectric Commission who were looking for customers for power from the huge Churchill Falls project scheduled to be in operation early in 1971. Last November, Hoff told the New England Governors Conference that Canadian officials were prepared to do business. He also said that in the next four months every power company in New England would be invited to contract for a share of the two million kilowatts of low-cost power. He urged the governors to use their "good offices to encourage the electric distribution companies in your respective states to consider this project seriously and with a concern for the public good."

Hoff concedes that two of his fellow New England governors have expressed "reservations," based, he thinks, on "information supplied [them] by private power representatives in their states." If New England finally declines to join in his proposal, Hoff will seek other customers for the Canadian power – PASNY, or Consolidated Edison Co. of New York City.

Vermont's newly reapportioned legislature, called into special session on January 5, is being asked by the governor to set up a private, nonprofit corporation representing private, municipal and cooperative electric companies that would contract to purchase the two million kilowatts from Canada, and that would build the necessary high-voltage transmission system in Vermont and other New England states.

Hoff has two potent Republican allies: Aiken, and Charles R. Ross, a member of the Federal Power Commission, former Vermonter and a close friend of the governor's. Ross has established himself on the FPC as a supporter of consumer interests, and his advocacy of a new interconnected power grid for New England remains unshaken despite the recent massive failure in the Northeast. He once was Vermont's public service commissioner and has long supported the idea of importing power from Canada.

When Aiken talks about power, he always warns Vermonters about "those Boston boys who like to prac-

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tice a policy of scarcity and high prices." He tells Vermonters that their congressional delegation has never been "in the pocket of the Boston utilities," even though he has heard that that pocket is "lined with gold and ermine." Hoff has been talking the same way about New England power politics. He has called the Canadian power proposal "New England's opportunity of the century" and is counting on public pressure in the region to get a thorough hearing for his plan.

VIC MAERKI

MR. MAERKI *is a political reporter for the* Burlington Free Press.

No Seat for the Negro Who Won

Atlanta

Last June the front of Pearl's House of Bazaar, between the Bethlehem Church of God and a beauty parlor on Hunter Street, was cleared out to make room for the Julian Bond Campaign Headquarters. The seamstresses and wigmakers of Pearl's worked on in a back room; up front, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee spread out pamphlets and campaign posters. Despite the misgivings of some of its stalwarts, SNCC had plunged into politics on behalf of a candidate for the Democratic Party.

"We just want to raise the issues like unemployment and housing and make the people of the district aware of them," Bond's campaign manager said. By election day, he had made a number of people aware: he won 82 percent of the vote (defeating a Negro Republican) and became the representative-elect of the 136th District in the Georgia legislature.

A week before the legislature convened, SNCC raised another issue. "We believe the United States government has been deceptive in its claim of concern for freedom of the Vietnamese people, just as the government has been deceptive in claiming concern for the freedom of colored people in such other countries as the Dominican Republic, the Congo, South Africa and in the United States itself," a SNCC statement announced. It spoke of "the black people's struggle for liberation and self-determination in this country"; SNCC workers "have often been victims of violence and confinement executed by United States government officials," and said civil rights murder in the South "is no different than the murder of peasants in Vietnam." The United States "is pursuing an aggressive policy in violation of international law" in Vietnam. "We take note of the fact that 60 percent of the draftees from this country are Negroes called on to stifle the liberation of Vietnam, to preserve a 'democracy' which does not exist for them at home." For the most part elections in this country are not free in the North or in the South, it said. "We are in sympathy with, and support, the men in this country who are unwilling to respond to a military draft which would compel them to contribute their lives to United States aggression in Vietnam in the name of the 'freedom' we find so false in this country." It suggested that work in the civil rights movement and human relations organizations is a valid alternative to the draft.

Not long ago, SNCC's executive secretary, James Forman, had spoken of the turn the organization had been taking toward the Vietnam issue. "It's not a central concern," he said. "I mean we're not out here organizing demonstrations against Vietnam. Other people are doing that. . . . When organizations that have been supporting your demands are engaged in a struggle, you just can't say that's not relevant to us – first of all, on a broad basis, and second, just on the whole question of tactics, the politics of coalitions. We're forming new coalitions within the country. . . . Two years from now people are going to wake up and discover it."

A reporter asked Bond for comment on the SNCC position; he said he concurred. Whereupon, a white representative from South Georgia announced that he would move to unseat Bond when the legislature convened. In a sense, the House had done it before: in 1962, when Bond and others tried to integrate the gallery, a House officer had shouted, "Mr. Doorkeeper, get those niggers out of the white gallery." This time when the legislature convened, all audible references were to "Mr. Bond." But the House clerk asked him to step aside as others were sworn in, noting that there had been challenges of his qualifications. A special committee, including two Negroes, was appointed to examine the issues.

When the committee held a hearing in the afternoon, advocates of Bond's ejection rested their case essentially upon the view that he had betrayed his country. Howard Moore, Bond's personal attorney and his brother-in-law, told the committee that the only issue was Bond's "right to make a statement, his right to dissent." He said Bond was ready to take the oath to uphold the Georgia and US Constitutions. Another lawyer on Bond's side, Charles Morgan Jr., Southern director for the American Civil Liberties Union, introduced an idea that became recurrent: that the Georgia legislature itself had defied the US Constitution throughout the period of massive resistance.

The committee ended its deliberations swiftly with a recommendation for refusing Bond a seat. Then the House voted 184-12 against him. The opposing votes

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came from most of the Negro representatives and a handful of white urban Democrats and Republicans. Bond immediately announced that he would be a candidate in the special election which Georgia law prescribes in such cases. No one doubted that he would win, perhaps without opposition.

But no special election can be held in time to permit a representative of the 136th to participate in the current short session of the legislature, and it will be the only one held before the regular House elections. The courts offered the only possibility of getting Bond back in for the current session. Three days after the House action, Bond's attorneys filed suit in US District Court, resting their case heavily upon a contention that free speech was the issue. "If there was ever a more blatant violation of the First Amendment, we have not located it," the suit said.

The matter will be decided by a three-judge panel, probably swiftly. Precedents in law are lacking. Some constitutional lawyers have noted the great reluctance of federal courts in the past to interfere with the operations of legislatures. But the Bond suit cited the Baker *vs* Carr decision in 1962, on reapportionment of legislatures, in which the Supreme Court asserted the federal judiciary's right to see that legislatures are representative. In one part of the suit, residents of Bond's district, including Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., contend that they have been deprived unlawfully of their representation in the House.

King himself returned to Atlanta to lead a protest demonstration at the capitol (partly, some said, to keep it under control). After he left the scene, a group of SNCC followers charged state troopers, caught off guard in their dress uniforms and with no sticks, who were standing at the capitol doors. Both King and Bond said later that they deplored the violence, but many Negroes as well as whites who for various reasons were anxious to swipe at SNCC saw signs of a wider split. Older, more established Negroes – as well as many ordinary voters in Bond's district, were perturbed by the whole affair.

The president of the Atlanta chapter of the NAACP, Dr. Samuel W. Williams, was angered by the SNCC rush upon the capitol and by the linking of Vietnam and civil rights. Williams, who had been moderator of the rally at the capitol, later declared: "The civil rights issue in this country is not identical with the Vietnam issue. I think it is important for us to keep the two separated."

Without exception, liberal whites who had anything to say publicly made it quite clear that they deplored Bond's and SNCC's war statements.

REESE CLEGHORN

REESE CLEGHORN *is the associate editor of* The Atlanta Journal.

The Grape Pickers' Strike

A New Kind of Labor War in California

by Andrew Kopkind

The great central valleys of California have produced almost as much literature as fruits and vegetables: Mark Twain, Frank Norris, Steinbeck, Saroyan and a hundred off-shoots grew amidst the beets and grapes and cotton and spinach. From it emerges a rough provincial epic: the struggle of poor settlers against an uncompromising land and the equally uncompromising businesses and bosses who exploit them.

The epic hero of these times is Cesar Chavez, a short, dark, mild Mexican-American who is building a strike of grape-pickers in the San Joaquin Valley into a new kind of labor war. It is a long time since the valley saw such battles; Chavez says the strike is the biggest organizing effort in California agriculture since the Modesto "cotton wars" of the late 'thirties. Whether Chavez will succeed where everyone else failed is still problematic. The strike is in its fifth month, and the grape harvest on the 35 ranches affected was more bountiful, if less profitable, than ever before. But Chavez's idea is not primarily to win small benefits or even

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long contracts. He is out to develop a community of farm workers, and his methods are more like a civil rights worker's in Mississippi or a ghetto organizer's in Chicago than a union leader's. He is not in the valley for a season of agitating. He came to stay.

Chavez was born in Arizona. His family came to California during the depression, and he grew up in the valley town of Delano, now the epicenter of the 400-square-mile strike zone. For a time he worked among Mexican-Americans on the staff of Saul Alinsky's Community Service Organization. Three years ago he and two other workers left CSO to form the independent National Farm Workers Association. Wages and working conditions were the obvious first concerns of organizing: farm workers in Delano, for instance, have a median family income of about $2,000 a year – and often 10 children to support (the California median is $6,726). State standards (toilets and drinking water in the fields, rest periods) for farm work are largely ignored. Worst of all, the workers have no right to organize, no guarantee of a minimum wage and no protection under federal labor laws.

Chavez tried small strikes against individual growers up and down the valley, but his principal effort was in Delano, where he had lived and worked, and where his wife was raised. Last spring he applied for a Poverty Program grant to train community organizers in money management, literacy teaching, family education – the skills required to bring the grape-pickers in from the fringes of life in their own town.

The proposal was going through the Washington maze when, on September 8, AFL-CIO farm labor organizers called a strike in Delano. Big labor's history of organizing California's "agribusiness" had not been noticeably successful. In 1959, the labor federation formed an Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC) and sent an agent up and down the valleys in search of members. The main effort centered in the Imperial Valley of Southern California. A long, bitter strike of lettuce-pickers finally collapsed, in early 1961, when two unions fell into a jurisdictional dispute over the membership of the workers. Labor leadership in Washington let the effort fail.

For the most part, the Mexican-Americans did not trust the "Anglo" labor organizers; they suspected the agents were luring workers into agricultural unions for no better reason than to collect dues and help the industrial unions – which frequently discriminated against the Latins. And so when the AWOC members walked out of the Delano fields, there were few Mexican-Americans among them. Most of the AWOC strikers were Filipinos.

Chavez had thought his community was ill-prepared for a strike, and he was reluctant to risk failure. But in a few days he saw that it would be far worse to break the strike by ignoring it, and his Farm Workers Association formed a joint strike committee with the AFL-CIO leadership. The alliance has held up well, but the character of the strike has been almost completely molded by Chavez. He invited workers of the Congress of Racial Equality and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee into Delano to help organize and to help picket. He adopted a credo of nonviolence, and proclaimed it to the community and the growers (it was, in different ways, irritating to both). He encouraged clergymen to help the strike, and he went to Stanford and Berkeley to get student support. His constituency was developing in the same groups that had been backing the civil rights movement: students, preachers and middle-class liberals. What was amazing was that they had forgotten about labor organizing for 25 years or more, and were now coming back.

End of the Bracero Program

In two weeks, the growers' work force was reduced by over half. Then the scabs started coming – first from other valley towns, and when they joined the picket lines or refused to work, from out-of-state. Growers bused in workers from Texas and old Mexico. Some hired "wetbacks." The *bracero* program (importation of cheap Mexican labor under federal auspices) had officially ended 10 months earlier, and the resulting shortage of farm workers made a strike seem feasible. But Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz caved in halfway through the season. He allowed the importation of 20,000 Mexicans, and the sudden surplus encouraged the growers to hold out.

Chavez and the AWOC leaders were asking for a minimum wage of $1.40 an hour, and an incentive rate of 25 cents per basket (a good worker picks about four baskets an hour). The average wage in the valley was $1.20 an hour and 10 cents per basket. The strikers also demanded enforcement of the "standard" working conditions. But more than that, they wanted recognition as a union. The growers flatly refused. All but three of the ranchers refused even to open the registered letters Chavez sent asking for negotiations on the eve of the strike. The growers treated the strikers as if they were members of the Viet Cong: ignore them and they will go away.

The strikers did not disappear, and although the imported workers were getting much of the harvest in, the growers felt beleaguered. Teams of roving pickets started at four in the morning and followed work crews. As the day began, the pickets stood at the roadside and shouted "*Huelga!*" ("Strike!") to those in the fields. At first, relatives were shouting to relatives; then most of the Delano workers were in the road shouting to bused-in strikebreakers. The growers went to court and got a temporary restraining order forbidding the pickets to shout, and the growers moved scabs to the

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middle of fields to avoid contact with the pickets. Some growers went down the margin of their fields with spraying machines, shooting insecticide and fertilizer at the pickets. More commonly, foremen would race along the roadside in tractors, swirling up dust to choke the strikers. Some put farm machinery between the workers and the pickets, or followed the pickets with machine motors racketing at full throttle to drown out their calls.

The Mechanics of Picketing

Where the pickets could be seen and heard, they were remarkably successful (the imported workers had not been told they were going to be strikebreakers), but the mechanics of picketing 35 ranches was staggering. "It's like striking an industrial plant that has a thousand entrance gates and is 400 square miles large. And if that isn't bad enough, you don't know each morning where the plant will be, or where the gates are, or whether it will be open or closed, or what wages will be offered that day," a SNCC worker in Delano said.

Police and sheriff's deputies were usually on the growers' side. A minister was arrested for reading Jack London's definition of a scab ("a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a water-logged brain, and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principles."). Soon afterward, 44 pickets were arrested. Dolores Huerta, the Farm Workers Association vice president, was arrested twice in a week; the second time, she and a group of strikers were charged with trespassing and released on a total payment of $12,144 in bail. The few growers arrested for violence were let go on their own recognizance. Chavez and a Catholic priest were arrested for "violating air space" of a grower. They had flown in the priest's plane to make contact with pickets sequestered in mid-field. Larry Itliong, the leading Filipino organizer for AWOC, was arrested on very dubious charges of "malicious mischief."

The growers managed to bring in all but about 500 of the 30,000 acres of grapes, but their profits were cut. The unskilled laborers spoiled tons of grapes that the trained Delano workers could have packed carefully. Labor importation costs were huge; distribution was hindered by picket lines around trucks and on the San Francisco docks (Harry Bridges' longshoremen's union refused to load the *President Wilson* with Delano grapes bound for the Orient). Teamsters were, at least theoretically, helpful; the truck drivers were pledged to honor the picket lines, but AWOC strikers claim that truckers merely stepped from their cabs at the lines and let growers' representatives drive them across for loading. But Teamsters cooperated at the produce markets.

In the middle of the strike, the Office of Economic Opportunity granted Chavez $267,000 for his community organization project. The growers were furious; they saw the money as a way to continue the strike. But Chavez was not very happy either. He knew it would be difficult to keep the strike and organizing separate, as the OEO had to demand. More than that, he could not spare the few trained organizers he had working on the strike to begin directing the community program. Finally, he asked the OEO to keep the money in abeyance until the strike was over. Sargent Shriver happily agreed. Pressure was already mounting against the funding – most prominently from Rep. Harlan Hagen, a more or less liberal Democrat from the Delano district. Hagen's liberalism did not extend to unionization in his home county. He flew to Washington and berated OEO officials. Delano city councilmen (none of the five are Latin or Filipino, although half the town's population of 13,000 is non-Anglo) first voted themselves a $9,000 raise as the official poverty board, and then requested that Chavez's OEO grant be turned over to them.

Despite the pressure, the OEO is holding firm, but indications are that Shriver is looking for a way out. There is talk of giving the money to another agency in Delano "friendly" to Chavez, if one can be found, or more likely, formed.

The strike itself is continuing through the pruning season. Operations in the vineyards during the winter and spring months call for fewer but more highly skilled workers, and Chavez and AWOC hope that the strikebreakers will not be able to do it. Consumer boycotts of Delano grapes and wine have spread in California, and civil rights and religious groups are hoping to make them nationwide. (The major producer is Schenley, which makes Cresta Blanca and Roma wines from Delano grapes.) A group of 11 Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergymen went to Delano last month and issued a strong statement for the strikers: "Those who labor on our California farms deserve the same active support that . . . Christians and Jews have given to the basic demands for justice for Negroes in the South." (The Catholic was criticized by his superiors for the action.)

After the AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco in early December, Walter Reuther flew to Delano as a gesture of encouragement for the strikers. The labor federation gave a $10,000 present to the joint strike committee, and the United Auto Workers and the Industrial Unions Department (both Reuther's) ante up other funds. It seems the least they can do. For years, the big unions have sold out agricultural labor; union lobbyists habitually tack on benefits for unorganized farm workers to new state and national legislation, and then compromise them away to obtain advantages for the organized industrial workers.

Farm labor remains the last unorganized bloc of American workers. No one has any reliable methods

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yet for organizing the migrant workers, but Chavez's model is at least promising for the laborers already settled in towns. He disdains the traditional method of industrial unionizing:

"The danger is that we will become like the building trades," he said in an interview with the SNCC newspaper, *The Movement*. "Our situation is similar – being the bargaining agent with many separate companies and contractors. We don't want to model ourselves on industrial unions; that would be bad. We want to get involved in politics, in voter registration, not just contract negotiation. Under the industrial union model, the grower would become the organizer. He would enforce the closed shop system; he would check off the union dues. One guy – the business agent – would become king. Then you get favoritism, corruption. The trouble is that no institution can remain fluid. We have to find some cross between being a movement and being a union. The membership must maintain control; the power must not be centered in a few."

Chavez thinks that industrial unions lost their opportunity to keep fluid, to remain progressive, when they concentrated all their efforts on winning a contract – and then quit. His Farm Workers Association is building cooperative institutions – a credit union, co-op stores and gas stations, a funeral insurance club, and services to help Spanish-speaking semiliterates get what's coming to them, from driving licenses to welfare assistance. More than that, he wants to see the grape-pickers of Delano become a powerful part of their community, as their numbers and their economic roles indicate that they should.

Quiet – withdrawn, even – and magnetic, Chavez is often compared to SNCC's Bob Moses, who had the same kind of communitarian vision when he went to Mississippi in 1961. Chavez carries less metaphysical baggage around than Moses did (Chavez is, after all, a generation older), but it is clear that they are both working from the same conception of a good, if not necessarily Great, society. It is far from the individualistic idea the unions had a half century ago. The end of that process was simply to give workers a leg up to the middle class, and be done with them. The new way is quite different – to give workers a decent income and all the while build a society in which they can participate in the decisions which will affect their lives. As it is now, they must leave those decisions to the growers.

Reinhold Niebuhr Discusses the War in Vietnam

The New Republic addressed a number of questions arising out of the war in Vietnam to Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, who returned the following answers:

Q: You concluded your book, *The Irony of American History*, with these words: "If we should perish, the ruthlessness of the foe would be only the secondary cause of the disaster. The primary cause would be that the strength of a giant nation was directed by eyes too blind to see all the hazards of the struggle; and the blindness would be induced not by some accident of nature or history, but by hatred and vainglory." Do you detect in recent Administration pronouncements on Vietnam the sort of "hatred and vainglory" you had in mind?

A: The judgment you refer to was prompted by the irresponsible neutralism to which we were addicted after the First World War and which vaingloriously thought we would be preserved as a museum piece of pure democracy, while other nations were enslaved by Nazism. We emerged as one of the two superpowers after the Second World War. Our power had cured us of irresponsible neutralism, but not of self-righteousness. We now act as the self-appointed guardians of democracy against the Communist peril in all parts of the world. Hans Morgenthau defined our stance as "globalism" in your pages. The President's State of the Union address in which he proposed that a healthy and wealthy nation might erect a welfare-state paradise at home, and still pursue its saving police duties in Vietnam, thus proving true to the principle of national self-determination, had a touch of this vainglory.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR *is Professor Emeritus at Union Theological Seminary, a chairman of the editorial board of* Christianity and Crisis, *and the author of* Christian Realism and Political Problems *and other books.*

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Q: It is said by Administration spokesmen that if Vietnam is allowed to fall to the Communists, it will signal a similar fate for other Asian countries, and perhaps others in the underdeveloped world. What is your comment on this?
A: There is obviously some truth in the argument that if we withdraw from Vietnam, other Asian nations, particularly Thailand, Malaysia and perhaps the Philippines, will not be safe against Chinese expansion. Our military presence is obviously necessary in Asia. But it was certainly an error of inadvertence to become involved in South Vietnam by gradually increasing commitments, so that our prestige is involved in the pretense that we are helping a small nation to preserve its independence. There are indications that this small sliver of a nation with a peasant culture is incapable of either the democracy or integral nationhood which our dogmas attribute to it.

Q: You favored military action against the Nazis and, later, against the aggressors in Korea. Is not the present challenge in Vietnam comparable – a challenge to our will to resist a totalitarian regime which takes up arms against its neighbors?
A: All historical analogies are inexact and therefore misleading. The analogy between our defense against Nazism and our defense of South Vietnam against the Communist North is flagrantly misleading. Nazism's military nationalism threatened the moral substance of Western culture, the Jews with extinction, and non-German continental nations with slavery. None of these issues is involved in a civil war between two portions of a partitioned nation, one Communist and the other non-Communist.

The Korean analogy of our resistance to Communist aggression is more exact but also misleading. It was undertaken under United Nations auspices. Truman, under pressure from our military leaders and the leaders of our allies, fired MacArthur because his desire for victory threatened us with a conflict with China. Truman did not, however, liquidate the bloody conflict. Nor could Stevenson promise to do so. The nation's "honor" was involved. Only a military hero, General Eisenhower, had sufficient prestige to promise and to keep the promise of a negotiated peace. Walter Lippmann recently called attention to the fact that only General Eisenhower and General Charles de Gaulle had sufficient prestige to negotiate a peace in a war in which the national interest was not "obviously" but more ultimately involved. Lippmann suggested that the rebels of Algeria were similar to the Viet Cong of Vietnam.

Q: You said recently [in *Christianity and Crisis*] that "we are making South Vietnam into an American colony by transmuting a civil war into one in which Americans fight Asians while China, the presumed enemy, risks not a single life." Since the South Vietnamese government has not been able to overcome the Viet Cong without massive US intervention, what alternative to "an American colony" is there?
A: There is no alternative to making South Vietnam an American colony if we persist in our military escalation. We might, however, choose a different locus for our military might, perhaps Thailand or even the Philippines. If we take our stand there we will at least be assured of a larger measure of plausibility and the moral support of other nations who are not impressed by our pretense of the defense of the right of self-determination in military actions which spell physical ruin to a nation which we are claiming to defend.

Q: Do you think, given constant Chinese proclamations of hostility toward the US and China's growing nuclear capability, that it is possible for us to live in peace with the Chinese?
A: It is obviously difficult to come to any kind of accord with the Chinese revolutionary Communism which, unlike the Russian domesticated revolution, threatens to spread revolutionary chaos on all continents. But the only alternative to patience is a nuclear war of the preventive variety. But is a nuclear catastrophe ever "preventive"?

Q: You have said that "our preaching of democracy frequently seems highly irrelevant to broken or partially reconstructed communities who are desperately seeking for a viable structure for their common life." How does this apply, if it does, to our commitment to defend the "freedom of South Vietnam"?
A: Previous answers betray my conviction that our assumed defense of "freedom" in South Vietnam reveals our error in interpreting the realities of a primitive peasant culture with concepts drawn from a highly technical democratic Western culture.

Q: Given the expressed insistence of Hanoi that American forces leave Vietnam and the determination of the Administration to prevent a Communist take-over in the South, what hope do you see for a negotiated peace in the near future?
A: Given Hanoi's insistence that our withdrawal from Vietnam is a prerequisite for a peace conference and given the American "peace offensive" largely devoted to explaining to friendly nations that something more than our "prestige," namely the safety of Southeast Asia, is involved in our refusal to withdraw, a negotiated peace is obviously difficult. It is probably as difficult as General de Gaulle's peace with Algeria. A high degree of political prestige and courage is required to extricate the nation from an impossible military and moral dilemma.

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A Doctor's Conscience in South Africa

Cape Town

From a Special Correspondent

Dr. Geoffrey Dean, a Port Elizabeth physician and an international authority on cancer and porphyria, will appear in the magistrate's court here, on February 3 charged under the Prisons Act with publishing false information about prison conditions. Dr. Dean has been warned to have all his witnesses and documents ready because no postponements will be granted. He is on $280 bail.

Dr. Dean is to appear in court because of a letter he wrote to the South African *Medical Journal*, which printed it on August 14. His letter said: "You will remember that I wrote to you two years ago when I found that, over a 10-year period, a number of the deaths among white men between the ages of 15 and 60 occurring each year at the Provincial Hospital, Port Elizabeth, followed assaults in our local jails and police stations, and that I felt sure, from logic, that this represented only a small proportion of the total assaults that were taking place. Assaults on nonwhites possibly exceed assaults on whites. I suggested to you at the time that you might consider writing an editorial pointing out the moral duty of government medical officers, for instance district surgeons, to use their power and influence as doctors to prevent assaults and cruelty in our prisons and police stations by seeing that, when they occurred, suitable action was taken against those concerned.

"The articles in the *Rand Daily Mail* by Strachan and the repeated accounts in our newspapers, both English and Afrikaans [languages], United Party [opposition] and Nationalist [government], of assaults by the police and warders must, I am sure, have convinced you that assaults and deliberate cruelty are really taking place.

"I spent a year in Germany at Frankfurt University from 1937 to 1938 and, at the time, decent men and women were aware of the atrocities that were being perpetrated against the Jews, and no one, including the medical profession, had the courage to speak up about it. I can't help feeling that we as a profession in South Africa are becoming guilty of a similar sin of omission and that, unless we do something about it now, the world of the future will always remember it against us."

The letter was dated July 21, 1965. The editor of the South African *Medical Journal* added the following footnote: "The results of a departmental inquiry have been submitted to the attorney general by the minister of justice. It is expected that the facts will in due course be revealed in the courts and/or by a commission of inquiry."

No commission of inquiry, in fact, has been appointed. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Vorster, has adamantly rejected requests for a public judicial inquiry. Nor have policemen or prison warders been brought to trial on assault charges as a result of the departmental inquiry: on the contrary, it is the persons who gave information to the *Rand Daily Mail* about prison conditions who have been arrested and charged under the Prisons Act with giving false information about prison conditions.

When Dr. Dean's letter appeared in the *Medical Journal*, the police raided the *Journal's* editorial offices in Cape Town and seized the letter and copies of the *Journal*. Later, Dr. Dean himself was arrested and taken to court.

Dr. Dean was prompted to write to the *Medical Journal* by the publication in the *Rand Daily Mail* (Johannesburg) of three "splash" articles, based on interviews with Robert Harold Lundie Strachan, 40, a released political offender. Strachan alleged in these interviews that he had witnessed assaults on prisoners by warders, and various other forms of ill-treatment. The articles created a sensation, and opposition newspapers, the leader of the opposition (Sir de Villiers Graaff) and others demanded a public judicial inquiry into South African prison conditions. The *Rand Daily Mail* published further interviews: with two African ex-prisoners and with two white warders. The *Sunday Times* (the *Mail's* associated newspaper) also published a lengthy interview with one of the warders, Head Warder Johannes Andries Theron, who alleged that some African prisoners had been subjected to electric shocks in the Cinderella Prison at Boksburg.

The Minister of Justice, Mr. Vorster, the prison authorities, and other government spokesmen angrily repudiated all these allegations, and the police, under senior officers, then launched an intensive investigation which resulted in the prosecution of some of the *Mail's* informants, and which may lead now also to the prosecution of the editor of the *Mail*, Laurence Gandar, and the reporter who conducted the interviews, Benjamin Pogrund.

For years Gandar has been a thorn in the Verwoerd government's flesh. Now his editorial position is uncertain. The *Mail* has been raided on four occasions by detectives, who seized copies of sworn statements made to Pogrund by the informants; on the basis of these copies, the current prosecutions have been initiated on perjury and Prisons Act charges. The police have also confiscated the passports of Gandar and Pogrund and whether they will prosecute Gandar and Pogrund depends on the outcome of the Strachan trial. (Strachan was arrested soon after the publication of the interviews in the *Mail* and charged under the Prisons Act

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with giving the *Mail* false information.) Judgment in the Strachan case is expected early in February. If Strachan is found guilty, the *Mail* can be charged with publishing false information. Contravening the Prisons Act is a serious offense, and jail sentences without the option of fines are possible.

The courts have already convicted three of the *Mail's* other informants: the two African ex-prisoners and the young white warder, 22-year-old Gysbert van Schalkwyk. In relation to each informant, the *Mail* could be charged with publishing false information and depending on the outcome of the trial of Head Warder Theron, further charges could be brought against the *Mail* and the *Sunday Times*.

The ripples will not end even there. When van Schalkwyk was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, the *Sunday Times* bluntly accused the prosecutor, Dr. Percy Yutar, of having misled the court. Dr. Yutar is now suing the *Sunday Times* for about $30,000. The *Sunday Times* paid for van Schalkwyk's appeal, but although the Supreme Court reduced the sentence to 18 months, it ruled that Dr. Yutar had not misled the lower court, but had made no more than a statement of fact in his opening address. Further libel actions may be brought against the *Mail* by prison officials who allege they were defamed in the articles. And Pogrund is to sue Dr. Yutar for allegedly defamatory remarks made by him during the van Schalkwyk trial.

Several conclusions can be drawn from this welter of prosecutions, threatened prosecutions and pending libel actions. The most obvious is that the Verwoerd government is determined that not a single allegation of prison ill-treatment shall go unpunished. The most direct way to refute such allegations would be to appoint a public judicial commission of inquiry into prison conditions, but both the Prime Minister and the Minister of Justice have rejected this course of action.

Another conclusion which can be drawn from court actions current and pending is that the opposition press in South Africa will be in a chastened mood once the trials are over.

It will be as much as any editor's career is worth to challenge the Prisons Act again. This Act makes it an offense to publish any material about prison conditions without taking "reasonable" steps to ensure the accuracy of the material. In the final reckoning, this means that the newspaper must be able to prove its allegations – against possible contrary evidence produced by the prison officials themselves. Failure to produce this could result in the editor's imprisonment.

Even the most conscientious editors, will be sorely tempted to give prison stories a miss in the future. Yet prison stories tend to be obtrusive in South Africa – allegations of ill-treatment (assaults, torture, etc.) in prisons are persistent. Numerous affidavits, signed by white and nonwhite prisoners and ex-prisoners, alleging ill-treatment, are in circulation. Many of these allegations have been published in the South African and overseas press, but that was before the present spate of trials began under the Prisons Act.

The case of Dr. Geoffrey Dean is significant in this regard. His letter to the South African *Medical Journal* has landed him in the dock on a serious charge. In the circumstances, his appeal to members of the medical profession to come forward and relate what they know about prison conditions is hardly likely to meet with a ready response. The consequences are too severe.

Thoughts of Young Radicals

Is the Great Society Just a Barbecue?

Traditionally, we have understood politics to mean the clash of men independently organized with respect to their interests and ideologies; we have expected that policy would emerge out of public debate; we have believed that men in power require viable opposition; we have favored a system with dispersed centers of power. Instead, the Johnson consensus establishes the Democratic Party as *the* national party of the center – we no longer have a two-party system on the national level. This situation is facilitated by the inclusion of a large proportion of the business community in the Democratic Party coalition. This is where Mr. Johnson has particularly succeeded and where other Democratic Presidents failed – on the one hand, he has won full-fledged corporation participation in welfare-state policies; on the other hand, he has won wholehearted labor, liberal and ethnic group support for what is, in fact, a center-conservative government. Thus, "consensus" is a conveniently bland term which covers a new politics in America – the politics of what might be called "liberal corporatism."

In both its rhetoric and its practice, liberal corporatism implies a political structure in which principal policy issues are worked out at the federal level, formulated with the active participation of experts, and ratified – not in the legislative arena – but through a process of consultation among a national elite representing those interests and institutions which now recognize each other as legitimate. Such a conception of government is "corporatist" in at least two ways: first, it involves the major corporations and other interest groups actively and directly in the governmental process; sec-

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ond, it models government structure and administrative style in the manner of modern corporation management. It is "liberal" in the sense that it includes the active participation of representatives of groups traditionally favoring liberal reform and democracy – particularly, for example, the unions. Liberal corporatism tends toward the *co-optation* of dissent and reform rather than their suppression.

It seems to me that the basic issue for the present national leadership is the preservation of a corporation economy while coping with the disastrous potentialities of a free competitive national and international system. Among such potentialities, of course, are economic slumps, intense labor-management conflict, internal political unrest and major war. Thus, the Johnson consensus seems to include a fundamental commitment by government to avoid such threats to the viability of the going system. The main way to do this, apparently, is to harness an extensive social welfare system to a centrally coordinated but privately controlled economy. So the Great Society program includes a commitment to the need for federal action to avoid economic recession and maintain adequate growth rates; for active government intervention in collective bargaining and the regulation of wages and prices; for large-scale public action to reduce the likelihood of unrest and violence in the slums and ghettoes of the cities; for welfare benefits which can maintain and expand popular support for the Democratic Party locally and nationally.

Neglecting Egalitarian Goals

As Oscar Gass has recently suggested, however, this full-scale, if belated and diluted, implementation of the New Deal promise does not necessarily imply that the Great Society will be a place of greater social justice and equality. For the current program is thoroughly circumscribed – it cannot seriously encroach on substantial corporate interests. Such interests include the maintenance of less than full employment, a decidedly impoverished public sector, a very strong emphasis on private consumption, and the use of public funds to subsidize private interests. Moreover, a more equitable distribution of wealth is unlikely because the Great Society consensus does not grant legitimate political voice to substantial sectors of the population. It took a century of bitter struggle for organized labor to win legitimacy; still millions of workers remain unorganized and voiceless. The voting rights law appears to guarantee, finally, the right of Southern Negroes to gain political voice; still, it will take further violent struggle before full enfranchisement is reached – and, still, it is not evident that the society is prepared to accept the right of Negroes to organize and exercise power in their own interest. The absence of the poor from the Great Society Barbecue keeps the consensus stable – and explains why it neglects egalitarian goals.

I do not know if liberal corporatism can indefinitely continue to maintain private control of the economy while preventing slump and dampening discontent. But it is a source of wonderment that so many who profess commitment to liberal and democratic traditions seem so complacently at home within the Johnsonian consensus. For the centralization of power, its grossly unequal distribution among interest groups and constituencies, and the techniques of control now available to authority present a situation which ought to be inherently antithetical to the committed Democrat. But the consequences of liberal corporatism for America are as appalling as its intrinsically undemocratic structure.

First, the centralization of power, information and interests is taking place in the most powerful nation-state in human history.

This state has the technological capacity to destroy civilization; hence it appears to have the military power to impose its will on all small, weak countries, and, within the limits of its rationality, on strong nations as well. The most immediately frightening thing about the Johnson consensus is that it is eroding any effective internal check on the use of that power; it is permitting the acquiescence of the public to any use of American power which the predominant interests deem desirable. And it is creating a situation in which the *capability* to use this power is becoming synonymous with the *desirability* of using it. When attempts by a government to justify its overseas adventures are no longer in moral terms – then it seems to me we have clear evidence that the popular will is no longer relevant. If the American elite has a commanding sense of its power to preserve its international interests intact, and no longer feels particularly responsible even to its own people – then I think humanity has a right to shudder.

Second, the predominance of corporate interests and the underrepresentation of the poor, the black, the old, the young, etc. lead to a glaringly inhumane allocation of resources and priorities in the society. It means, for instance, the continued allocation of public funds and technical manpower toward military and space technology – not simply because of Cold War necessity, but because the vast aerospace corporations cannot be sustained in any other way. Or, for another instance, it means the huge outlay of public funds for interstate highway construction (without public debate) and the consequent impoverishment of public transportation – not because this is the most efficient, safest, most comfortable way to travel, but because of the power of the auto lobby. And, for a final instance, it means that our cities are sinking into ungovernable chaos – not simply because their problems are so complex, but because no one is willing to govern them in behalf of the human beings who inhabit them. As long as corporate interests

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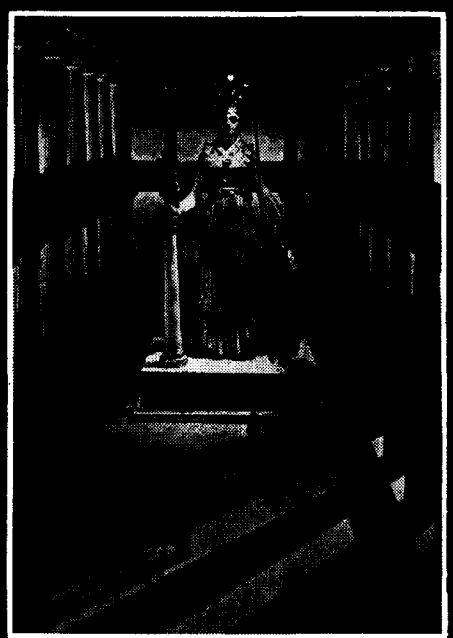

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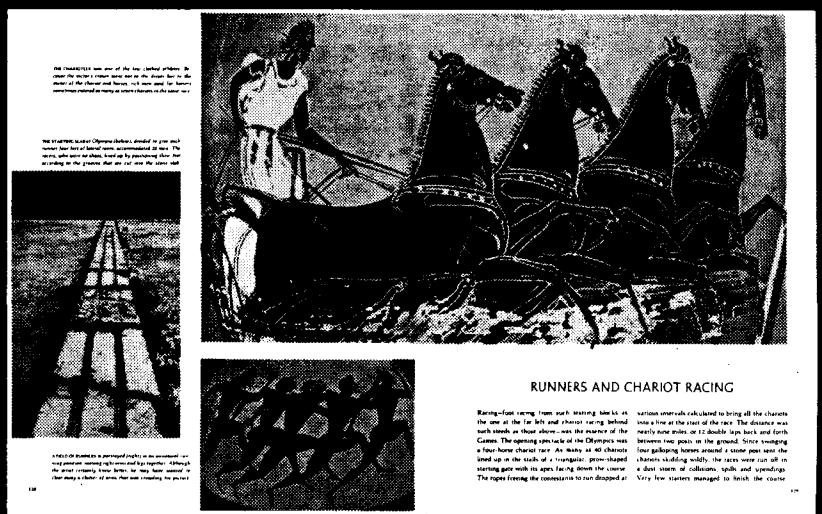

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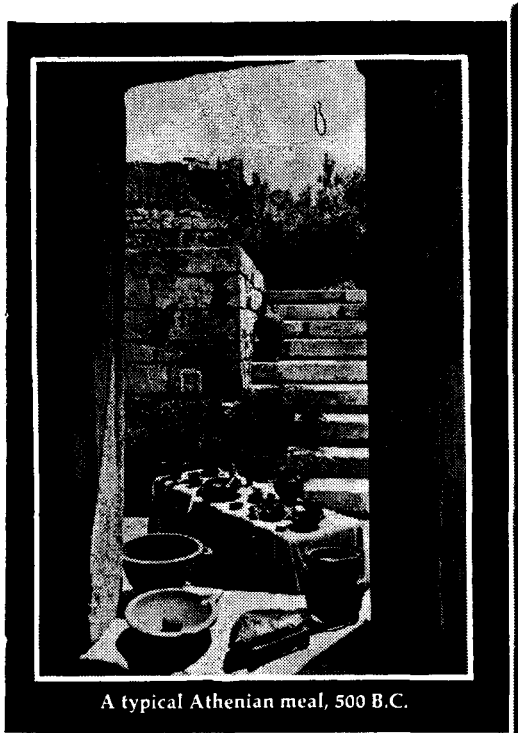

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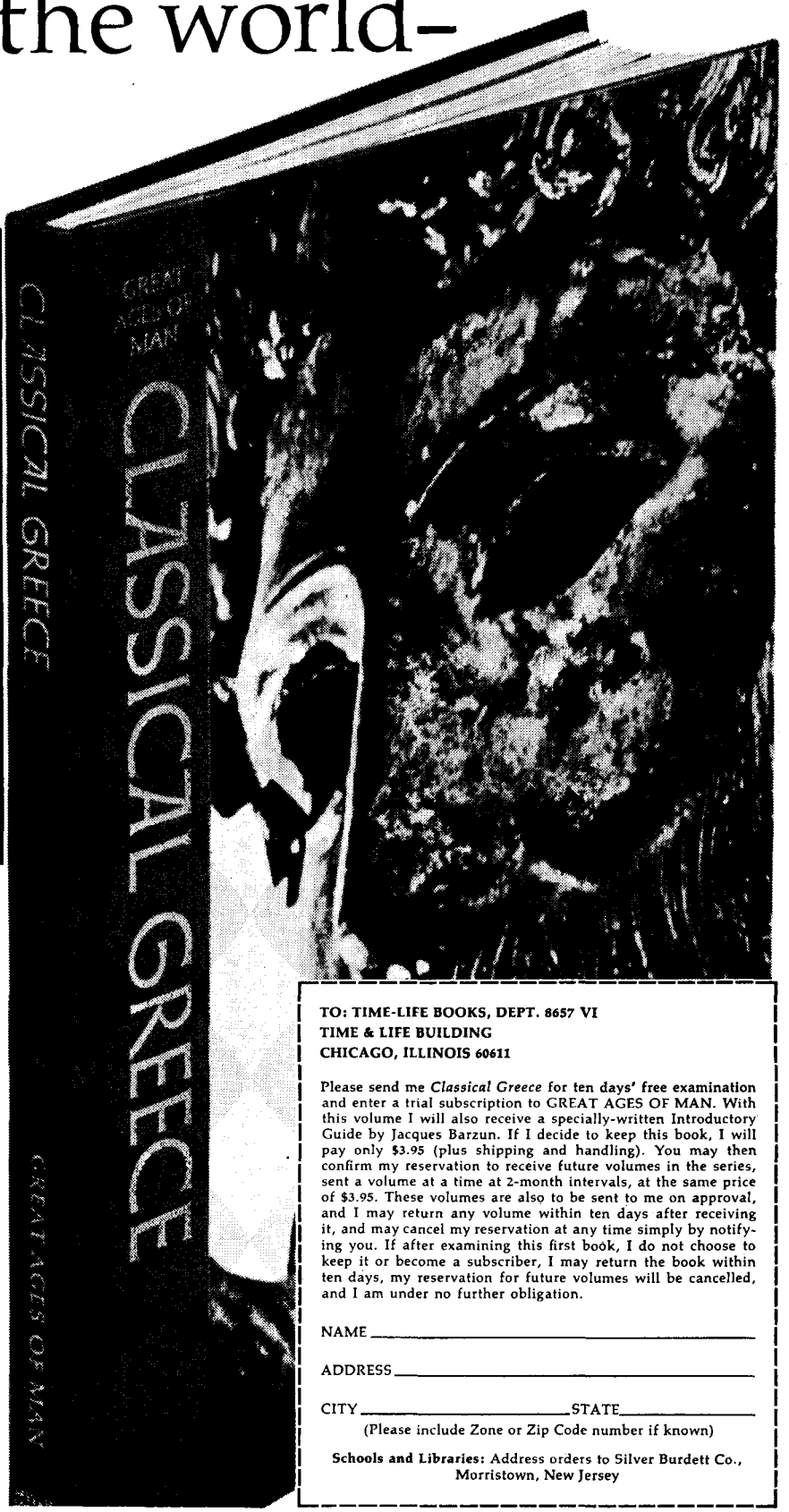

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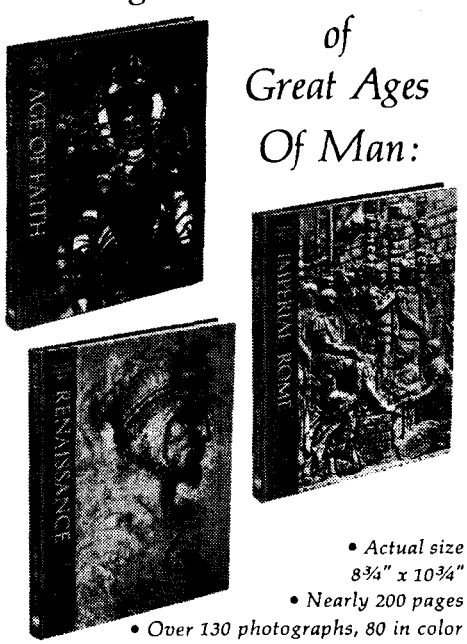

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dominate, as long as power is so badly skewed, every public venture becomes a subsidy for special interests, every regulatory agency becomes a lobby for the industry it regulates, every social reform is twisted and diluted to avoid jeopardizing private greeds, and so even the very air and water and land are made spoiled and dangerous for human use.

A final consequence of liberal corporatism is that it *requires* mass apathy. Since decisions are made centrally and at an elite level, policy formulation can only work when constituencies are immobilized. For if institutional leaders and organizational spokesmen were responsible and responsive to actively involved publics, then the bargaining away of popular rights and interests and the ritual devotion to public welfare which is the very substance of consensus politics would no longer be possible. Further, the preferred technique of social control – namely the exchange of benefits for acquiescence – instructs the people well as to the virtues of elite management and personal withdrawal from citizenly activity. Such management and such withdrawal occur not only in the sphere of national politics, but also in the arenas of decision-making to which people are more routinely related – in the cities and towns, the neighborhoods, the voluntary associations, the school systems, etc. It is my view that the system now emerging requires the end of citizenship as we have understood and hoped for it; therefore, it signifies an abortion of the possibilities for authentic community and meaningful individuality in American life.

Having said all this, I should stress that I do not think an American version of *1984* is inevitable, but I think it can be averted only through a radical reconstruction of the way we live and act now. What our country needs first of all is a restoration of democratic consciousness and democratic action.

Building a Democratic Society

Such a restoration can only come in the process of building a large-scale grass-roots movement for a democratic society. Such a movement would have on its agenda the following:

► It would insist on first-class citizenship for every person in the society. This means, for example, that it would actively engage in the task of organizing the politically disenfranchised and voiceless so that they can independently and effectively pursue their interests and rights in the political arena. It means, too, the development of a concept of citizenship which extends beyond the conventional political sphere to all the institutions of the society – the workplace, the school, the corporation, the neighborhoods, the welfare bureaucracies. The idea that men are citizens with respect to all exercise of authority, that each man has responsibility for the actions of the institution in which he is imbedded, that all authority should be responsible to those "under" it, that men ought not to be infantalized in their relations with each other, that they should have a voice in decisions which determine their fate – this view of man would be a core operating value of the movement for a democratic society.

► It would actively challenge the legitimacy of anti-democratic authority, laws and institutions in the society. The civil rights movement challenges the legitimacy of racist politicians, racist laws and racist practices. Similarly, I think we may be seeing the emergence of an antiwar movement which has begun to challenge the scope of military authority and influence in the society. A movement for a democratic society would extend these challenges to all instances of bureaucratic encroachment, special privilege and elite domination, in a permanent revolution against overweening power.

Each effort to achieve first-class citizenship and to undermine undemocratic authority represents an effort to redistribute power, a step away from overcentralization, and a challenge to corporatist ideology and practice. But it is clear that the organization of such activity is not sufficient; in addition, people need a vision of the possibilities for citizenship, democracy and community which would represent a concrete alternative to the present. Consequently, a third item on the agenda of the developing movement would be the expansion of democratic consciousness through the formulation of substantial models of a democratic future. I do not know what such models might look like. I am sure, however, that they will contain at their center such ideas as the decentralizing of decision-making, the development of diverse loci of power, the breaking up of gargantuan organizations, the use of technology to eliminate demeaning labor, the development of new definitions of work and status based on humanistic criteria. The need for serious intellectual work on the problem of democracy and culture in a society of our sort is extremely urgent.

My point then is this: liberals and radicals have spent their greatest energy in arduous campaigns for social reform and against reaction; they have succeeded in helping to construct a version of the welfare state. The task for authentic democrats now, however, is not to continue to "modernize" American politics so as to make the state more efficient or correct the flaws in the present system. Instead, we must restore democracy – and to do that we must find and build constituencies at the grass roots, we must challenge the encroachments of anti-democratic authority and ideology, we must announce a democratic vision which is concretely relevant to the technology of the future and the troubles and discontents of the people.

There is, I think, hope that this can be done. For a new generation is here, unburdened by the irrelevancies

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of the past, and imbued with a quest for idealism and a disdain for authority and status by their experience of growing up in liberal and affluent homes. Already, in their efforts to organize the poor and dispossessed, in their growing campaign to democratize the universities, in their intensifying campaign against militarism and cold-war ideology, and in their posture of plain honesty, they are providing the framework for the democratic revival.

Two years ago, the main issues were between a President perceived as "left" and his right-wing opposition. Today, increasingly, the terms of debate are shifting – the President is becoming defined as a conservative and is having to cope with opposition to his left. Well, the President *is* a conservative, the nation *needs* a left opposition, the issues coming into focus through the action of the new generation are the real ones for 1966 and beyond. The time for democrats to choose between sustaining their own values and supporting a conservative Administration is coming upon us. Do we dare hope that liberals will strike out on their own?

RICHARD FLACKS

MR. FLACKS, *an assistant professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, was an early member of the National Council of Students for a Democratic Society.*

LBJ's Credibility; or, What Happened to "No Comment"?

All governments have to prevaricate, and even when they don't have to, being human, they do. But there are better and worse techniques for tinkering with truth. That American governments go about it clumsily, and sporadically is perhaps part of our charm. The big evasions or downright lies are reserved for important occasions – as in Eisenhower's U-2 and Dixon-Yates affairs, and Kennedy's diplomatic cold during the Cuban missile crisis. "Truly," wrote Sophocles, "to tell lies is not honorable; but when the truth entails tremendous ruin, to speak dishonorably is pardonable."

The essential veracity of an American government has seldom been a prolonged cause of doubt. This is why persistent charges of a "credibility gap" in the Johnson Administration merit examination. "A great question of the credibility of the American government has been raised," and "a great crisis of confidence" may indeed be at hand, as Ambassador Arthur Goldberg acknowledged last month (although he denied that the doubts are justified).

Although Mr. Johnson personally retains his lofty standing in the polls, a public-opinion survey conducted by the Opinion Research Corporation for the Columbia Broadcasting System showed that 67 percent of the American people believe that their government only "sometimes" tells the truth about the Vietnam situation. Thirteen percent said they thought they "almost never" get the truth in official statements about Vietnam, 15 percent said the government always tells the truth, and five percent had no opinion.

At the White House Conference on International Cooperation last November, Rabbi Jacob Weinstein, president of the Central Conference of Rabbis, charged that Americans had "been kept uninformed if not misinformed about a certain willingness on the part of the other side to discuss peace" in Vietnam. And United Nations Secretary General U Thant has said publicly that the American people have not been getting the facts about Hanoi's negotiation overtures. "In times of war and of hostilities," he observed, "the first casualty is truth." Last February the White House insisted to newsmen who had got wind of North Vietnamese overtures for talks that "there are no meaningful proposals for negotiations that are before our government." Nine months later, State Department spokesman Robert McCloskey confirmed that U Thant had relayed Hanoi's offer to Washington. What, one wonders, did "meaningful" mean?

It is not only about the war that the Administration's reputation for candor is being questioned. The problem arose soon after Lyndon Johnson took office. It would be practically impossible, he stated, to hold spending under $100 billion; it came out $97.7 billion.

When *The Washington Post* reported that Mr. Johnson would ask for an excise tax cut of $4 billion, the President spread the word that this was false; George Reedy, then press secretary, said "that figure bears no relationship to any decision that has been made." A few months later, Mr. Johnson asked Congress to cut excise taxes by $3.964 billion. When *The Washington Star* reported that the President would recommend a three-percent average pay increase for federal workers, Mr. Johnson complained that the story was erroneous.

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A short time later, he proposed a three-percent average pay increase for federal employees.

Press Secretary Bill Moyers says no "White House officials" were in touch with US Steel Corporation to work out the recent steel price compromise, which may be technically true. But who can forget that last October the White House said there was "no connection whatsoever" between the aluminum price increase and the announcement that the government would sell 200,000 tons of stockpiled aluminum on the open market? And not long after, Mr. Johnson boasted privately about his role in forcing the aluminum companies to back down and said he personally had talked to a vice president of Alcoa.

When the President went to the hospital a year ago with a cough and cold, reporters asked whether he had entered into a disability agreement with Vice President Humphrey. After ducking the question for two days, Mr. Reedy finally replied that Mr. Johnson and Humphrey had reached such an agreement "sometime before the inauguration." Yet on January 22, two days *after* the inauguration, reporters had asked Reedy whether a disability agreement had been reached and the press secretary answered: "No, it has not been concluded as yet. . . . We just haven't gotten to that yet."

On October 5, Mr. Johnson announced that he would undergo surgery for removal of a poorly functioning gall bladder and stated that "a thorough examination showed this to be the only trouble." After the operation, it was announced that the surgeons had removed a kidney stone as well. Then, under questioning by reporters, the President's personal physician disclosed that Mr. Johnson had still another stone in his left kidney and that this had been known "for some years."

On July 27, at an impromptu press conference in his office, the President said he had not begun to consider an appointment to the Supreme Court to replace Justice Goldberg. The next day he announced the appointment of Abe Fortas as Goldberg's successor. Why mislead when you don't have to? Whatever happened to "no comment"?

When a liberal Democratic Senator informed Mr. Johnson last August that he intended to introduce a resolution requiring congressional approval before draftees could be sent to Vietnam, which probably would have touched off a Senate debate on the Administration's Asian policy, the President talked him out of it by telling him that US forces would be out of South Vietnam by January, 1966.

Then there were the policy gyrations last June on the role of US troops in Vietnam. Two battalions of Marines had been sent to Da Nang in March. Secretaries Rusk and McNamara said they would be used only for "local, close-in security" and, in McNamara's words, would "not tangle with the Viet Cong." Two months later, a US military spokesman in Saigon said these troops would "render combat support, which includes, if necessary, fighting." State Department spokesman Robert McCloskey confirmed this on June 8, and Department officials said an order to this effect had gone out to the US commander, General William Westmoreland, within "the past several weeks."

The White House was furious at McCloskey's statement and issued a denial that there had been any change in the mission of US ground forces in Vietnam in recent days or weeks. The Administration apparently wasn't ready to have it known that it was escalating.

Then, in an amazing sequence, the White House denied that the President had sent any recent order of this kind to Westmoreland, but added in the next breath that the US commander had had "discretionary authority" to use his troops in combat from the very beginning. Rusk and McNamara, who had said it was not the mission of the Marines to go out and fight the Viet Cong, were left at the end of the limb, to find their way back as best they could.

Americans like their Presidents to be good, but they don't have to be perfect. Dwight Eisenhower was probably never closer to the voters than when he said disarmingly of Sherman Adams, "I need him." And John Kennedy was not hurt by his *mea culpa* on the Bay of Pigs.

Moyers, the young Baptist minister who now serves as Mr. Johnson's official spokesman, has said that his maxim is: "Tell the truth if you can, but if you can't tell the truth, don't tell a lie." White House reporters generally agree that Moyers has done his best to break up the oldest established permanent floating shell game in Washington. But the game is still being played.

A couple of weeks ago, Moyers admitted that White House telephone operators were taking reporters' names when they called staff members, on orders of presidential assistant Marvin Watson. The purpose, Moyers said, was to measure the "work load" of the staff and see who needed more or fewer phone lines. He called it an economy measure. A record simply of the number of incoming and outgoing calls – not names – would have sufficed for this, however.

But at least Moyers hasn't ventured as far into never-never land as did his predecessor on one memorable occasion. A woman reporter braced Reedy about Bobby Baker, whom Mr. Johnson had called his "strong right arm" and "one of my most trusted, most loyal and most competent friends." What, she inquired, was their real relationship? "I'm going to be completely frank with you," replied Reedy solemnly. "They hardly knew each other."

JAMES DEAKIN

MR. DEAKIN *covers the White House for* The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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Up from Hell with Graham Greene

by Richard Gilman

"Every creative writer worth our consideration," Graham Greene once wrote in an appreciation of Walter de la Mare, "every writer who can be called in the wide 18th Century use of the term a poet, is a victim: a man given over to an obsession." The notion may not be especially original, but as it has done in so many other cases it helps to explain Greene himself, or rather to define what has to be explained about him. At the center of any discussion of his place is the fact that while cases may and have been made against him on more purely technical grounds, the major indictment has always been based precisely on a dislike or mistrust of that obsessional quality which rules his fiction as its sovereign impulse.

The Comedians
by Graham Greene
(Viking; $5.95)

By the same token, to admire or be seriously interested in Greene is to accept the obsessions, to find them more than an eccentric disposition of forces or a cranky piece of attitudinizing, to find them a conduit to aesthetic truth. We used to speak of "a novelist's world"; Greene's is one of the few we can still speak of, and it is a world whose laws derive their force and validity from terror, anguish, flight and radical spiritual dilemma, a stripped universe whose rhythms are those of unaccountable guilt and equally unaccountable innocence, of nausea and finger-tip acceptance, of pain and pity. It is the sometimes theatrical but almost always legitimate place of a victim, of a man who could write, concerning one of the extreme fictional creations in whom he confronted aspects of himself, that "Heaven was a word; Hell was something he could trust."

It is surely Greene's vision of hell, or more accurately that he believes in it and not merely in an eschatological way – "Why this is Hell, nor are we out of it," Drewitt, the shady lawyer of *Brighton Rock*, quotes from Marlowe – that lies behind the distaste for him that to one degree or another has always been noticeable in American literary circles. Our most pessimistic contemporaries have always had a more solid grip of redemption than Greene's attenuated, accessory prayerfulness, his aerial thrust shakily up from heaven, ever provides. And suspicion is deepened by his popularity, which sweeps up the high and the low, cuts across continents and therefore seems to the virtuously partisan and the belligerently advanced necessarily to spring from venality. "Cheap despair" is what the main criticisms of Greene amount to saying, an accusation that a form of sentimentality is on display in which hell, rather than heaven, has not been earned.

And it is true that it sometimes is unearned; as one price of his virtuosity and his somewhat old-fashioned novelistic procedures Greene can fall into a posture of rhetorical torment, suffering as a cagey component of style. But when he is an authentic, unaccommodating victim, when he writes as a defense and exorcism, when his obsessions are reinforcing his sight and shaping his architectonics, he is able to produce novels which are not easily rivaled for urgency, autonomy and that profound bias under whose pressure things are wrenched back into their truer shapes, the bias of a temperament which feels itself painfully responsible for a neglected or misrepresented arc of experience. *Brighton Rock, The Power and the Glory, The Heart of the Matter* and, to a lesser extent, *The End of the Affair* and *A Burnt-Out Case* are novels of this kind. Circumscribed, unbalanced, exhibiting no important technical or verbal discoveries, lacking a sense of humor, of nature and of social and political turbulence, they are nevertheless self-sufficient, purposeful and largely unassailable.

That Greene's new novel, his first in nearly five years, is none of these things, that it has in fact all the antipodal qualities – insufficiency, perfunctoriness, vulnerability to attack at a dozen soft points – is intimately related to his obsessions, although not in a way that would fortify his usual kind of detractor. Quite the contrary: what is so wrong with the new book, what makes it so lacking in energy and conviction is the failure of the obsessional element to operate in any but the most mechanical manner, the failure, really, of Greene's bias toward despair and moral isolation as his only fertile ground to exert its crooked, idiosyncratic, saving force. In one sense his most "optimistic" book, certainly his most socially and politically engaged, *The Comedians* is at the same time so devitalized, so merely professional, so much a matter of imaginative reflexes serving for exploration and crowding out its possibility, as to constitute something approaching an artistic disaster.

If it isn't quite, if one is seldom actually bored and never fully outraged but simply runs a low fever of irritation throughout, this is testimony to Greene's competence, which never wholly deserts him, and to the momentum (the hounds never out of earshot) under which he has been traveling all his creative life, so that when he slows down drastically we still have the impression of forward movement. But competence and the illusion of movement are the distinguishing marks of the journeyman, not the poet-victim, the "born story-teller," not the bringer of sad, wrestled-for, liberating news.

The Comedians may be said to represent a movement up from the nearly absolute depths of *A Burnt-Out Case*, an ascent from Hell, but with no trustworthy mementoes and no guidelines for the redeemed life. "Human beings are not my country," Querry, the inverted Prometheus of the earlier novel, declares. "I've come through to the other side, to nothing." Brown, the central figure of the new novel, is also an

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inhabitant of emptiness, but across the way, as it were, just beyond the penumbra that surrounds his consciously retracted existence, are movements, actions, the possibilities of human involvement. And the novel sets out to trace these possibilities, to arrange a melodrama and a morality tale in which they may work themselves out.

Brown has more than his share of the kind of biographical details we have come to expect of Greene characters. He is nearly sixty, nondescript, an ex-Catholic. His origins are mysterious; he was born in Monte Carlo of a father he never saw and who may have been British and a mother who he thinks was French or possibly Monagesque. The mother was a flamboyant figure who may or may not have worked for the French Resistance (the uncertainty here is a function of Greene's own ambiguous attitude towards his theme of commitment) but who in any case has drifted to Haiti, claimed to be a countess, taken a Haitian lover, come into possession of a resort hotel and bequeathed it to her son, whom she has summoned to her deathbed after a separation of many years.

He has led a nomadic existence and wants now only to settle down somewhere. Like Scobie in *The Heart of the Matter*, he finds the backward, primitive country he is now in peculiarly consoling, as though in its rawness and victimization it has not yet had the opportunity to develop moral complexity and therefore provides the appropriate background for his desire to be left in dry, sterile inner peace. For as he says (in language and with accents which issue, one feels, less from his specifically imagined history than from Greene's own depleted novelist's stockpile and which are to be repeated throughout) "somewhere years ago I had forgotten how to be involved in anything. Somehow somewhere I had lost completely the capacity to be concerned."

Yet concern and involvement are reintroduced to him, or more precisely are revisited upon him, like a troublesome rash. Haiti has fallen under the dictatorial and terroristic rule of "Papa Doc" Duvalier and his Tontons Macoute or secret police, and Brown, wanting only to remain outside, is reluctantly drawn into the scattered and apparently hopeless opposition. The novel's main narrative thrust is engendered by his relations with a group of people who commit themselves to resistance with one or another degree of moral intensity, philosophic principle and practical effectiveness; together, and with the neutrals and escapists, they compose a spectrum of engagement, a parabola of human participation, which in Greene's controlling metaphor runs from the status of "comedian" at one end to that of tragic being at the other.

The comedians are those who, like Brown, do not take brutality or injustice or, indeed, any socially inflicted suffering seriously; their universe is therefore a frivolous one, no matter how unfilled with actual pleasure it may be. But they are also comedians in the French sense of the word – actors, people who play roles exactly designed to preserve them in their isolation and refusal of community. "The comedians," Greene has his narrator say, "are those who do not die." Those who do, that is to say those who put themselves in danger of being killed, have moved beyond self-concern to a denser state of being, which is to be defined by an acceptance of responsibility, belief of one kind or another and a capacity for sacrifice.

The non-comedians in the book include an elderly American couple named Smith, naïve, interfering, weighed down with absurd convictions – they are vegetarians and eat products like "Nuttoline" and "Slippery Elm Food" – but possessed at the same time of an indestructible integrity and a classical humaneness; Jones, an English drifter and minor confidence-man who, like Sidney Carton, does a far better thing to seal his life than he had ever done in unfolding it; and, most centrally, a Haitian doctor named Magiot, a man of great courage, radical political beliefs and an almost Renaissance balance and generosity.

Through their intrusion into his state of moral autarchy Brown is changed, although by no means dramatically nor in any way that suggests an effective realignment. What he is enabled to do is take one physical risk in the struggle with the dictator and to move on then with the consciousness that there is a kind of heroism in the world which he admires although he cannot share its bases or remain in its atmosphere for long. In two passages near the end of the book Greene sums up the claims on his protagonist and offers the latter's apology for being able only to respect but not submit to them.

The first is from a letter to Brown from Doctor Magiot, written shortly before his murder:

> "Catholics and Communists have committed great crimes, but at least they have not stood aside, like an established society, and been indifferent. I would rather have blood on my hands than water like Pilate . . . if you have abandoned one faith, do not abandon all faith. There is always an alternative to the faith we lose. Or is it the same faith under another name?"

The second is part of Brown's own reflections:

> "The rootless have experienced, like all the others, the temptation of sharing the security of a religious creed or a political faith, and for some reason we have turned the temptation down. We are the faithless; we admire the dedicated, the Doctor Magiots and the Mr. Smiths, for their courage and their integrity, for their fidelity to a cause, but through timidity, or through lack of sufficient zest, we find ourselves the

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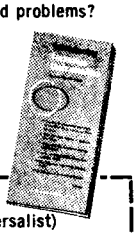

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only ones truly committed – committed to the whole world of evil and of good, to the wise and the foolish, to the indifferent and the mistaken. We have chosen nothing except to go on living."

What is wrong here is what is wrong with the novel. It is all so easy, so declarative, flat, conscious and unconvincing. And it is also pretentious, something Greene has seldom been before. Throughout the book one feels him straining to correct his sensibility so that it may become able to take account of conditions of social and political existence he has up to now (with the minor and ineffectual exception of *The Quiet American*, whose protagonist, Fowler, Brown somewhat resembles) found irrelevant or antithetical to his aesthetic purposes. It is as though he is trying to yoke his demon, the companion of his flight and its cartographer, to a meliorating, public use. And the result is platitude, obviousness and, more damaging still, assertion in the place of struggle.

Nothing better illustrates this than a line such as "Colored people get killed more easily than Anglo-Saxons." There is a disturbing sentimentality (and what is sentimentality if not assertion in place of struggle?) in Greene's subsidiary theme, that of a shift of value (like Mailer's dream of a black savior) from the white to the colored races; a writer for whose imagination the Negro had always previously functioned as a phantom of exile, a child of innocent darkness, now finds him, under orders from what we have to think of as a guilty conscience, the trustee of a new dispensation: "We belonged to the world of comedy and not of tragedy. . . . We – the uncolored – were all of us too far from home."

The inauthenticity of this is paralleled at almost every point at which Greene chooses to reflect upon society. But it is more than a matter of idea or program; theme, structure, texture, style, the imagination that shaped *The Comedians* seems daunted at every turn. In all the integumentary material, where the practise of fiction should be free to tell the real story – a narrative of language, perception, intuition for which events serve as pretexts – one sees Greene living off his past, not so much simply repeating himself as protecting himself from the charge of going soft by offering the artifacts of his obsession, the previously obtained data of his quest and arraignment, instead of new accessions.

Two areas of the novel reflect this most dishearteningly. One concerns Brown's relation to his mistress, which takes its lineaments from memories of all the sad, problematic, unviable love

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affairs which in so much of Greene's fiction have measured the dimensions of his estrangement and been an arena for its poetry. There is nothing now but echo, and near-parody: " 'Oh God,' she said, 'so you've come back,' in the kind of tone she might have used for a recurrent fever." And again, "I flung myself into pleasure like a suicide onto a pavement."

The other has to do with Brown's memories of his childhood Catholicism, and once again we are in the presence of self-parody. Catholicism serves, like Communism, as an image of commitment for Brown, but for Greene it serves, procedurally, for reverberation, sounds of the past issued to keep up the demon's credit:

> "The air was full of coming rain, and the low sound reminded me of voices chanting the responses at school. . . ."
>
> "The captain and the chief were a little bowed under the sense of occasion, like priests serving at a major feast. . . ."
>
> "As other boys fought with the demon of masturbation, I fought with faith."

Is it all irrelevant to any aesthetic purpose, all a matter of malingering? And that is what one has to say, finally, about *The Comedians*. In an exchange between Brown and his mistress the novel's weakness, pretension, inadequacy and sad, ultimate inconsequence are as though miraculously brought together. " 'Doctor Magiot's a Communist', she said. " 'I suppose so. I envy him. He's lucky to believe. I left all such absolutes behind me in the chapel of the Visitation'." This is having it both ways with a vengeance: humanist, victim, the beater and the beaten at one and the same time, Greene has nothing to offer of a personal, singular, unaccommodating vision.

The Causes and Cures of Delinquency

by Robert Coles

In the concrete, descriptive sense, delinquency is a misdeed, usually illegal. In our culture the word is particularly applied to the behavior of the young, to youths who have become transgressors of one sort or another: members of restless gangs that in a flash can become wild and vengeful: solitary boys protesting anything or everything; errant girls looking for the kindness or respect they never had and quite possibly never will get; rich, only recently beardless partygoers in pursuit of foul play as yet another world to be tried and won. All of them, coming from different classes and regions, are nonetheless able to have at least their status as delinquents in common. As such they receive perhaps more attention than anyone else in our society – the sustained interest of congressional committees, police chiefs, ministers, and a fast multiplying number of "experts" whose books and articles argue the value of an assortment of theoretical alignments, practical approaches and pilot programs.

Family of Outcasts:
A New Theory of Delinquency
by Seymour Rubenfeld
(Free Press; $7.95)
Reclaiming the Delinquent
by S. R. Slavson
(Free Press; $9.95)

I didn't think, therefore, that two more books on the subject were at all necessary, but I discovered that I was half wrong. In the sub-title to *Family of Outcasts*, Seymour Rubenfeld – a psychological consultant at the National Institutes of Mental Health – offers "a new theory of delinquency." At once the reader will no doubt feel boredom, suspicion, disbelief – or, I fear, exhilaration – depending upon his past experience with "new theories." It doesn't take too long with this book, however, to realize its distinction. The preface is the heart of the book; it is really a coda, and I suppose logically should come at the end. In it the author frees himself from the scourge of the social sciences, its brittle, muddle-headed talk that re-

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gards highly concepts and generalizations at whatever cost to the frequently variable and contradictory events characteristic of life. In a very few pages he looks not only at the individual delinquent, but our country. A psychologist, ready to claim in the remainder of the book that social and economic theories by themselves do not adequately explain the many forms of delinquency, he nevertheless has this to say right off:

> "When society has no faith in or use for a man's will to work, that man falters. What else is he good for? And bad for? He casts about, runs experiments of his own, comes up with his own working hypotheses about what he is, many of them based on his experiences in uselessness, in being an industrial by-product. His woman loses faith in him and . . . [they] settle on alternately extorting from and neglecting each other. The children are raised in the image of their parents' meaning to themselves and one another, and in their parents' conception of the usefulness and value of a male and female life. We call the consequences psychological disorder. What the children do about their lot and how they act on and against their parents' values and their own prospective valuelessness to society are sometimes called delinquency."

You might clip that out if you choose not to buy the book – though I urge it on you – so that you will have it nearby the next time you hear about "hooligans" who have no respect for the law, who need a whack, a talking to, a spell of jail. Then, when you hear about the lazy rich boys, also delinquents, also in need of punishment – though their punishment should not be jail but "work" and a lecture on "values" – you can perhaps think a little about this description of one set of American parents, whose son is as "delinquent" as any slum child:

> "His parents are thralls of success; they believe in little else besides conspicuous acquisition and visible signs of power and status. They have exaggerated the significance of opportunity as a value, and have oversimplified it to mean opportunism. They translate individualism into careerism, and initiative and industriousness into ruthless self-service and exploitation."

Unfortunately, Dr. Rubenfeld has taken on the job of refuting a number of his colleagues, and so for many pages he feels compelled, though not without sighs and groans, to slip into the opaque language of those whose thinking he is disputing. What he is trying to show in general is that delinquency is a nondescript word, used to categorize a diverse assortment of deeds committed by a heterogeneous population. From two directions, the psychological and the sociological, theorists have tried to "explain" the delinquent. The psychologists and psychiatrists have emphasized his emotional problems, his mind's ailing, wayward bent. Not all slum youths, they remind us, let alone middle-class ones, become tough hoody lawbreakers. It is out of family turmoil, out of the child's hurt that the delinquent act springs upon the rest of us: or as we are called, the "socio-cultural system."

On the other hand, sociologists and economists see a different world. Delinquents are not randomly distributed. They tend to live in certain neighborhoods and join together into a variety of groups. The attitudes they display reflect the strains in their condition of grim poverty (or grim luxury). If the troublemaking youth is heard, rather than immediately condemned, he will reveal not only his own, private hell, but the hell that he shares: the hell of being scorned, penniless, and idle without choice; or, a half-step higher, barely tolerated, constantly on the defensive, and always in danger of being fired. Meanwhile, for many others who are well fed and scrubbed, indeed stuffily raised and properly educated, there is another kind of hell, one of trying to extract sense from a patchwork of conflicting standards, many honored more in the breach than the keeping.

What this book does is give space to several points of view, psychological and sociological, then try to pull them together in such a way that they fit into a larger perspective than any one of them separately offers. That may sound like a rather pedestrian accomplishment, perhaps like tying shoes or wrapping together packages. Quite the contrary, though; it is a demanding intellectual task, and it requires courage as well. While it takes a subtle mind to weave its way through single-minded, often antagonistic theories and emerge with something coherent – in this case something that looks without prejudice upon both early childhood and later social injustice as abundant sources of despair – it takes a courageous mind to challenge the tenacity of the various ideologues who are particularly drawn to the social sciences. Vested interests are at stake in the academy or the hospital as much as anywhere else.

From Dr. Rubenfeld's surprising book, from his lucidity and refreshing candor, I turned to one twice its size, but its match in no other respect. In fact, *Reclaiming the Delinquent* (by "para-analytic psychotherapy and the inversion technique") is, I suspect, exactly

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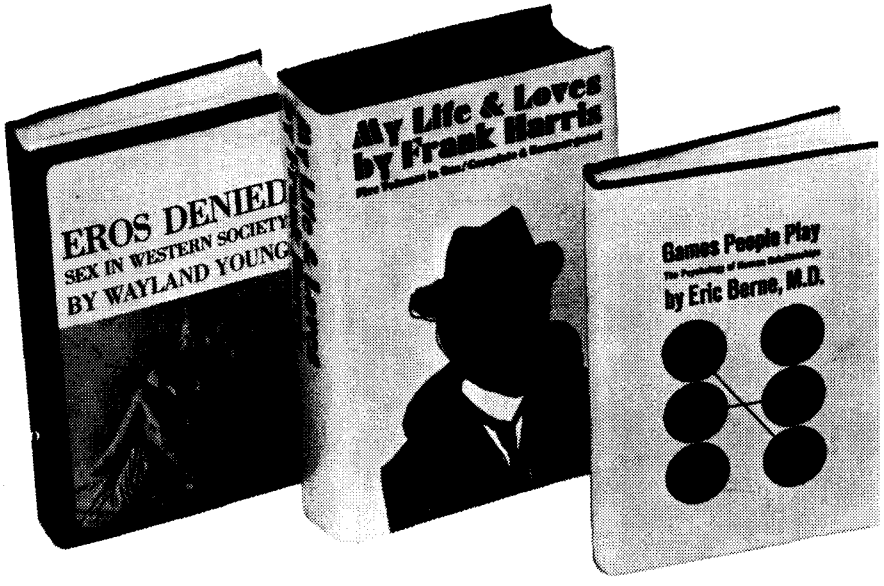

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And in the next few months Grove will publish *Barbarella,* the French comic strip for adults that's too grown up for France; *Story of 0,* possibly the most famous underground classic of this era; *491,* the book that inspired the Swedish movie recently forbidden entry by the U.S. Customs; William Burroughs' new novel *The Soft Machine,* and a book by the Swedish doctor Lars Ullerstam which has caused a storm of controversy in Europe, a bill of rights for *The Erotic Minorities;* plus many more.

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the kind of book Dr. Rubenfeld had in mind when he wrote about the excesses of a psychological view of delinquency that relegates hunger and persecution to, say, the following role: "The delinquent act satisfies the narcissistic, acquisitive needs of the child – needs that are strengthened by affect deprivation. As is well known, stealing by a child, especially when it involves the mother's possessions, has the implicit meaning of taking the love which has been denied him."

Now it must be said that what Dr. Slavson does is probably far more edifying than what he thinks and the way he writes. He has worked long and hard with very difficult and troubled youths, many confined to correctional schools or "villages." There is an earnest, well-intentioned spirit throughout his book, though sometimes it becomes a somewhat breezy and naïve one. He wants his staff, for instance, to be nothing less than "persons with sensitivity, imagination, spiritual richness, unbounded inner security, respect for the individuality of others, and faith in human capacities and potentials." He uses example after example to illustrate the healing quality of group therapy, its ability to help people look at themselves more circumspectly, more honestly. (*That*, I finally learned, was the "inversion technique.") Yet nowhere does he ask what long-range use a heart or mind affected by therapy can be to the lives of youths destined to face, right after "discharge," the continual, jobless futility and gloom of the ghetto – where, in Dr. Slavson's words, there is little training toward "sublimation of primary impulses" and "allotropic empathy."

Not once does this author really see his dilemma, one perhaps best stated by suggesting that his book's title be modified to: *Reclaiming the Delinquent for What?* Dr. Slavson has no trouble fitting together the dreams and fantasies of his "patients," and I imagine that he would say that social and cultural "factors" are not really his concern. The tragedy is that such an arbitrary definition of interest and responsibility leads to the following kind of thinking:

> "Contemporary economic perquisites and differential standards have an important conscious and unconscious effect upon the individual's expectation of what he considers to be his right. If the degree of social permissiveness generally sanctioned for attaining pleasures and status is not adequately available to the less economically or culturally favored, the deprivation begets resentment."

There is, I am sorry to say, a genuine value to the clumsiness and indirection of such language. Talk about inadequate degrees of "social permissiveness" allows the reader, even the writer, escape from the blunt facts of money and power as they bear down upon us all. What is worse, we hear about "pleasures" when food itself may be the issue. We hear about what the delinquent "considers to be" his right, rather than what is ethically his due. We hear about "perquisites" not jobs.

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DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD

A Spiritual Portrait

by Sven Stolpe

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RECORDS

Stravinsky Was Right

Stravinsky's high estimate of the French composer Boulez's conducting led me to attend one of his concerts with the BBC Symphony in a Carnegie Hall series devoted to 20th-Century music last May, and to discover that Stravinsky was right. Boulez operated with a complete grasp of the music and command of the orchestra, a complete adequacy – but never more than adequacy – of the means he used for the remarkable ends he achieved, that made this, for me, the most impressive conducting since Toscanini's and Cantelli's. Music-lovers who didn't hear his concerts last May can now hear his performance of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* with the National Orchestra of the French Radio on low-priced Nonesuch records, H-1093 and 71093. It is a swiftly moving, taut, clear-textured, dynamic performance, different from Stravinsky's massive, monumental one, but highly effective in its own way; and part of the difference may result from its being reproduced with less than present-day tonal amplitude. In addition it is reproduced with sharper definition and brighter instrumental color by the mono record than by the stereo. Filling out the records is Stravinsky's *Four Etudes*, masterfully contrived trivia, of which the fourth is an amusing burlesque *Souvenirs d'Espagne*.

Another major conducting talent, Zubin Mehta, whom one orchestra musician described to me as operating with a clearly delineating beat and a magnetic compulsion similar to Toscanini's and Cantelli's, does in fact seem to have the Los Angeles Philharmonic firmly in hand, on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-2816, in a brilliant-sounding performance of Strauss's *Don Juan* that is traditional in its large changes of tempo. The reverse sides, regrettably, have Respighi's *Feste Romane*.

Szell, a major conducting technician but a musician whose performances of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schu-

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bert are pedestrian and insensitive, deals effectively, on Columbia M2L-326 and M2S-726, with Dvorák's *Slavonic Dances*, which includes some of this composer's most irresistibly attractive writing. I prefer the mono version, for its more sharply defined bass and the greater quiet in which the Cleveland Orchestra's brilliant sound is heard.

Denis Vaughan and the small Orchestra of Naples, on Victor LM- and LSC-6709, produce admirably executed and musically effective performances of the first six symphonies of Schubert, which are his largely inconsequential and at most moderately engaging early attempts at the form he inherited, but inadequate statements of the *Unfinished* and No. 9, his great symphonic utterances, which deploy their substance in the new forms it required him to fashion out of the old.

Another outstanding performance by Schnabel that has been reissued in Europe but not here is the one of Mozart's Piano Concerto K.459 on Pathé COLH-90 (mono only). Though this concerto is played less frequently than others in the series, it is a beautiful work, with a first movement unusual in the way it continues to be concerned with its arrestingly lovely opening statement. On the reverse side Schnabel and his son Karl Ulrich play the better-known Concerto K.365 for two pianos. The London Symphony is conducted by Sargent and Boult.

An assemblage of pieces recorded at Sviatoslav Richter's recitals in Italy a couple of years ago, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-950 (mono), comprises five preludes and fugues from Book 1 of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier*, Schubert's Allegretto in C minor and Laendler in A, Schumann's Theme and Variations on the name *Abegg*, a Rachmaninov Prelude and three of Prokofiev's *Visions Fugitives*. The richly textured Schumann piece gets a suitable sonorous performance; the others are played for the most part so delicately and sensitively as to seem at times – an instance is the powerfully expressive Prelude No. 8 of Bach – to be underplayed.

Glenn Gould, on Columbia ML-6176 (mono), completes his recording of Book 1 of the *Well-Tempered Clavier* with performances of the last eight preludes and fugues. Prelude No. 22 offers an example of the Gould overemphasis of subordinate voices; but most of the time one hears wonderfully enlivening playing that is exciting even when the music is boring.

Some of Landowska's superbly vital pre-war playing is heard in the performances of several fine Handel suites for harpsichord reissued on Angel COLH-310.

An agreeable surprise is the delightful playing of a new harpsichordist, Luciano Sgrizzi, in an attractive group of Scarlatti sonatas on Nonesuch H-1094 and 71094.

And Rameau's charming *Pièces de Clavecin en Concert* – known to me until now only in the arrangement for strings with the title *Concerts en Sextuor* – is to be heard on Nonesuch H-1063 and 71063 in its original form, played well by Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord, with Rampal, flute, and Neilz, cello.

To the songs of Dowland they performed on Victor 2819, the tenor Peter Pears and lutenist Julian Bream add, on London 5896 (mono), further songs by Dowland, Morley, Pilkington, Rosseter, Campian and anonymous composers of the period.

The cuts in Handel's *Messiah* in Klemperer's performance with the excellent Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, on Angel 3657 (mono), are reason enough to prefer Boult's complete performance on Richmond records. And in addition the singing of Schwarzkopf, Grace Hoffman and Jerome Hines is less effective than that of Adrian Boult's soloists.

A number of unfamiliar songs of Handel, with texts by B. H. Brockes, on Odeon 91262, are quite engaging, and are made even more attractive by the lovely singing of the soprano Edith Mathis with a small instrumental group.

Mozart's Divertimento K.563 for string trio, less frequently played than his great works for string quartet and quintet, has beautiful writing for the strings in a succession of movements in which the Adagio and the Andante (a theme and variations) are outstanding. The work has long been a specialty of the Pasquier Trio, whose latest superb performance is reproduced by the mono version of Musical Heritage 623 with more solidity down below than by the stereo version.

Schubert's Octet Op. 166, another infrequently played work with many

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beautiful pages, is played well by the Berlin Philharmonic Octet on Deutsche Grammophon 39-102 and 139-102; but the Vienna Octet's performance on London 9110 and 6051 is even more beautifully phrased.

And still another infrequently heard work of great beauty and distinction is Chopin's Sonata Op. 65 for cello and piano, which is played with the required fluent ease, elegance and taste by Starker and Gyorgy Sebök on Mercury MG-50320 (mono). The reverse side has Mendelssohn's less interesting Sonata Op. 58.

As for matters as familiar as Beethoven's Quartets Op. 59 *(Rasumovsky)* and Op. 74 *(Harp)*, the Juilliard Quartet's performances on Epic SC-6052 and BSC-152 are at times hard-driving and explosive; their over-all sound lacks warmth; and the first violin's flawed tone is disturbing.

B. H. HAGGIN

THEATRE

Albee's Allegory of Innocence

Malcolm
by Edward Albee
adapted from the novel by James Purdy
(Closed)
The Mad Show
by Larry Siegel and Stan Hart
(The New Theatre)

By closing *Malcolm* five days after it opened, Edward Albee has cleverly disarmed criticism: Nobody wants to be caught flogging a corpse. There has been general agreement over the dreadfulness of the play; even the author seems half-inclined to forget that it was ever written; and *Malcolm* is now destined for that oblivion reserved for so many miscarriages of the postwar American dramatic imagination. Albee's rather goodnatured detachment from the fate of his play is a more appealing posture than his defensive acerbity over the reception of *Tiny Alice*, but I do not think his responsibility for the work can be so lightly evaded. Since Albee is now a "leading American dramatist" (a description that seems lately to have rather lost its distinction), his failures must be scrutinized as well as his successes, especially when these proceed from the same sort of assumptions and suggest a similar thematic purpose.

Albee has adapted *Malcolm* from James Purdy's novel, a book which, after seeing the play, I found myself unable to open. (Albee's declared intention was to attract readers to Purdy's writings, but he seems to have had precisely the opposite effect.) In the playwright's hands, at any rate, the story takes the form of a *Bildungsroman* about a fifteen-year-old Innocent who has lost (or mislaid) his father, and is now sitting on a golden bench, staring into space and wondering how to find him. There he is accosted by a mysterious astrologer-magician named Cox – a figure inexplicably made up to look like Uncle Sam – who sends Malcolm on a Quest for Experience. ("You must begin your education – education for life, dear boy.") Malcolm's education consists in meeting various people who try to "sell," "use," or "corrupt" him (Albee's imagery remains exclusively sexual throughout), largely because he is still unblemished and undefiled. These include an ancient in a Confederate uniform who has married a whore with orange hair – these two argue interminably over whether the old fellow is 97 or 192; a wealthy society lady named Mme. Girard who has a philandering husband and four young lovers – she finds Malcolm to be "the one decent thing in this entire world" and so inevitably tries to seduce him; a Bohemian lady who paints Malcolm's portrait ("It has a certain *him* about it, don't you think?"); her husband, an ex-con who fondles Malcolm's golden hair while protesting that he is not a queer; and finally a nymphomaniac nightclub singer named Melba who warbles hot songs ("I wanna do it, baby, do it to you") and who "does it" to Malcolm so often that she kills him. Malcolm is prepared for this unusual martyrdom

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by one of Melba's ex-husbands who takes him to a cathouse; and thus anointed, Malcolm is plied with aphrodisiacs and delivered over to the inexhaustible Melba ("We do a lot of being married, don't we?" queries Malcolm wanly from the bedclothes), finally expiring of acute alcoholism and sexual hyperaesthesia, the latter defined by Albee as a "violent protracted excess of sexual intercourse." At the curtain, Malcolm is being mourned by Mme. Girard ("What have we not lost?"), thus demonstrating that in Albee's world a character may begin by seeking Dad, but always ends by finding Mom.

The work, in short, is one of those squashy allegories of lost innocence, first introduced into the theatre by Tennessee Williams, and thereafter perpetuated on the American stage by Arthur Laurents (*A Clearing in the Woods*), Arthur Kopit (*Oh Dad* and *Sing to Me Through Open Windows*), and Albee himself (*The American Dream*). Although the idea of innocence corrupted originates in Milton and Henry James, the execution of it owes more to the Brothers Grimm, for such works are often full of clowns, astrologers, and fairy godmothers, and they are always aching with sentimental nostalgia over childhood or some such Edenic period before the onset of sinful puberty. The theme is meant to be of universal application, but what makes it so difficult to credit these allegories is the absolute passiveness of their central figures and the masked, guarded nature of their real themes: an Everyman of this type is brought not to the brink of the grave but rather to the edge of some unnamed sexual aberration. *Malcolm* is even more vague about its true purpose than previous examples of the genre, partly because it is written in those portentous, meaningless epigrams that authors use when they have nothing to say ("Between simile and metaphor lies all the sadness of the world," notes one character, thus confounding those who might think it lies between tripthongs and hieroglyphs), but mostly because it is Albee's most deeply homosexual work. As Albee gets closer and closer to his true subjects – the malevolence of women, the psychological impact of Mom, the evolution of the invert – he tends to get more abstract and incoherent until he is finally reduced, as here, to a nervous plucking at broken strings.

Alan Schneider's production matches the play in one sense: It is a disaster. The direction alternates between the tasteless (Mme. Girard's four lovers simultaneously kiss her breasts) and the clichéd (Melba's ex-husband is dressed in tight jeans, boots, and studded jacket, and menaces like Brando in *The Wild One*); the setting – a geometric series of moving Japanese panels and treadmills – has no illustrative relation to the play; the costumes are both excessively gaudy and curiously inconsistent (some are Victorian, some modern); even the makeup lacks care (the old Confederate is played by a young actor with obviously powdered hair). As for the actors, they represent the most disappointing aspect of the evening since the majority are usually excellent performers playing well below their usual level of competence (Jennifer West's raucous, vulgar Melba rises somewhat above hers), and the central role is impersonated by a young man who communicates innocence primarily through a wide-eyed stare and a piping voice which rises on final syllables. Innocence, however, is a concept that has eluded the author too; let us fervently hope that he is now experienced enough never to essay it again.

The Mad Show is a comic revue based largely on ideas taken from *Mad* magazine: Its range of satire is hardly daring or ambitious, but what it attempts, it usually does well, and it is very pleasantly performed by five gifted men and women. I particularly liked Paul Sands, a congenial cross between Chaplin and Yves Montand, satirizing the ersatz manner in which popular crooners record their songs (he babbles incoherently into the mike, then plays the number back at low speed, while chewing ravenously on a carrot like a rabbit); Linda Lavin, a highly vivacious young girl with a strong voice, as a ninnie who has unknowingly fallen in love with a junkie Spanish faggot; and Dick Liber-

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tini as a Bob Dylan-like folk singer, wrestling with harmonica and guitar, and trying to maintain his proletarian protest on an income of $4,000 a week. Most of the group skits satirize television (*Mad* magazine's primary reference too, since its readership is weaned on the medium), but it is not kiddie shows and commercials that are driving us mad these days so much as Vietnam, the Dominican Republic, and the official cant that offers to justify these hideous policies as moral acts. What *The Mad Show* lacks, in short, is political satire of the kind formerly provided by *The Establishment, Beyond the Fringe,* and *The Second City,* not to mention the corrosive social satire of a radical genius like Lenny Bruce. This is probably an excessive demand and *The Mad Show* contains its pleasantries, but seeing it after the satiric breakthroughs of the sixties is rather like eating soda crackers which have been softened in milk.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

May It Please the Court

Sirs:

In "May It Please the Court" (January 1), Andrew Kopkind writes: "Dwight Macdonald had said at the trial that Ralph Ginzburg's *Liaison* was just 'tasteless, vulgar and repulsive'." The quotation is, I assume, accurate. The "just" is not because I also stated that in my opinion *Liaison,* like the other two government exhibits in the Ginzburg-*Eros* case, was not obscene because it did not go beyond legally accepted bounds of frankness and decency as indicated by the circulation of books like *Naked Lunch, Tropic of Cancer* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* In fact, I was a witness not for the prosecution, as your readers may have inferred from Mr. Kopkind's account, but for the defense.

He is rather heavily jocose about the Supreme Court hearing, but I should have thought he, or somebody on a liberal magazine, might have realized that a five-year prison sentence is severe punishment even were Mr. Ginzburg guilty as charged, and might have been stimulated to look up the trial record. Had he done so, I think he might have been less arch in his comments. There was a remarkable discrepancy, in quantity as well as in quality, between the defense and the prosecution. In my case, which was not exceptional, the prosecution didn't bother to cross-examine nor did the trial judge ask any questions. I thought this a good omen, naïvely. As Gandhi observed, "You can wake up a man who is asleep, but if he is merely pretending to be asleep, your efforts will have no effect upon him."

Dwight Macdonald
New York, N. Y.

Food and Population

Sirs:

I have just seen your January 1 issue and read the lead article, "Food – For Peace?" It is . . . I believe, illuminating presentation of the world food and population problem.

Certainly, unless the developing countries of the world seriously go at the job of reducing the rate of their population growth, no food production program either in this country or in the developing countries themselves can prevent mass starvation.

I am encouraged by the recognition of the population problem generally in this country during the past year. . . . The problem as I see it for the next three or four years –which are critical ones indeed – is to try to get the same recognition in the worst of the overpopulated countries. . . .

I am delighted that your magazine is carrying the flag – I hope in future editorials you will stress even more the need for family planning and birth control programs.

William H. Draper, Jr.
Population Crisis Committee

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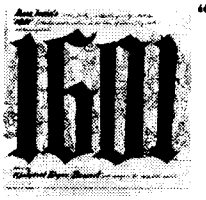

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Our January issue was too much for some of our readers.

Almost every page shook them up: A scholar's report on Jesus' "Passover drug plot." Information explosion rocks book publishing. The identical speech patterns of Holden Caulfield and "In Cold Blood" killer Perry Smith. Non-books: "Happiness is Loxfinger My Son the Santa Claus." The Cocktail Party, uninhibited talk of the literati.

Our November and December issues also got to them. The literature of homosexuality. The sizzling put-down of Sorensen's "Kennedy." Bob Dylan, "greatest poet in the U.S." The distorted nude. The full report of plagiarism by a respectable Boston publisher. *First* photographs of the "In Cold Blood" killers and victims. "The Auto Industry: Petite Eichmannism." Books for a changing world. And more Cocktail Party.

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(a special message to a special audience from a special book club)

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